THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PLAIN FACTS

Regarding the Trouble Between Mayor Washburne and the Gaelic Athletic Association.

The Gaels are Determined to Have the Same Privileges Enjoyed by Other Citizens.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Now that the arbitrary conduct of Chicago's "model mayor" in prohibiting the Gaelic Athletic Association from carrying on their healthful and manly sports on Sundays has been brought before the public, a few facts in connection with the matter briefly stated, may be interesting to your readers. As is well known the grounds used by the Association last year were wrested from us by the City League Baseball Club (who, by the way have a monopoly on all the available parks in the city), consequently ground could not be secured this year until late in the season. A couple of months ago, however, Mr. Thomas Murphy and Mr. M E Ames, both well known citizens of Chicago and members of the Gaelic Athletic Association, succeeded in renting from Mr. John O'Malley, for a term of three years, the ground situated at Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street, at a rental of $2,500 per year, to be used exclusively on Sundays by the twelve clubs which comprise the Gaelic Athletic Association. Before going to any expense in connection with the grounds, it was deemed advisable to consult the mayor, fearing that any of the "true blues" who live in the vicinity would object—well—to a fence being erected near their mansions. Accordingly, Mr. Murphy called on his "honor" and told him of the enterprise which he, Mr. Murphy, was about to undertake. Mr. Murphy received a very encouraging reply from his "honor" in the following words: "Go ahead, Tom, put up your fence, I will see that everything will be all right and you will not be interfered with. I will help you out." How well Mr. Washburne fulfilled his promise to Mr. Murphy has been demonstrated by the order which his "honor" issued to the police department last Saturday.

On the strength of the above promise Mr. Murphy proceeded to erect the fence, not knowing at that time that an amusement license would be required in order to carry on the sports. However, it was not until the fence was near completion that the first "kick" was made. I am informed, and, I believe correctly, that the "kickers" first inquired what clubs were going to use the grounds, and on finding that they were for the Irish athletes, a vigorous "kick" was made, with the result that the fencing was stopped on a verbal order from Commissioner Aldrich. Verbal orders do not "go" with the athletic Gaels, and the following morning the "kickers" were caught napping, and the fence was completed at an early hour. Mr. Murphy was then advised by Alderman Madden to get an amusement license (according to a certain city ordinance), which license Mr. Murphy applied for in the usual way, but found that a report was entered by Police Capt. Madden against the issuing of a license on the grounds that some of the residents on Prairie avenue had an objection to Sunday games. The report, however, stated that the applicant, Murphy, was a man of unblemished character. It was Friday; a game was advertised for the following Sunday, the mayor could not be found, but the chief of police came to the rescue by giving a permit to play that particular game.

Of course, it was thought that there would be no trouble in getting a license the following week on the promise made by the flimsy minded mayor, but he either could not be seen or had some excuse. A committee composed of the following citizens was then formed to await on Mr. Washburne and urge him to grant a license: Messrs. M. P. Brady, Alexander Sullivan, William Fogarty, James Lyman, Thomas Murphy, John O'Malley, owner of the grounds, J. S. Hyland, M. E. Ames, F. J. Ryan and others whose names cannot now be recalled. This committee called at the mayor's office on a certain day, but he was engaged with a delegation from the World's Fair Directory and appointed 11 o'clock the next morning to meet our committee. The same men were on hand at the hour appointed by his "honor," and waited until after 1 p.m., but the mayor came not. However, at 4 p.m. that same day, Mr. Murphy accidentally met Mr. Washburne and got permission to play three Sundays, the mayor remarking that at the end of that time the "kickers" would be cooled down, and a license would then probably be issued. How Mr. Washburne has fulfilled this promise is also demonstrated by the fact that he only allowed one game out of the three that he gave permission to play, and the "license that he promised never came."

Now, Mr. Editor, why has Mayor Washburne acted thus? Can you tell? I am sure the Gaelic Athletic Association can not. Let it be understood by Mayor Washburne and his advisers that the Gaelic Athletic Association is an incorporated body, under the laws of the State of Illinois, with a capital stock of $10 000 That the association is composed of 3 000 good and lawful citizens of this city, and of this State, and of these United States, and as such are entitled to the same rights and privileges as other citizens. We are not a body of men to be trampled upon, all we ask for is equal rights with other citizens; these rights we are entitled to, we demand them and we must get them.

The members of the Gaelic Athletic Association are an intelligent body of men. The most of them are, no doubt, foreign born, but that fact does not take either from their intelligence or citizenship. I am proud to say that I was born in Ireland, therefore I am a foreign born citizen of this Republic, and as such I claim to be as good a citizen as any man who by the providence of God was born on American soil. And so it is with the thousands of Irishmen who compose this grand athletic association. Fair minded men should be proud to have such a body of athletes in their midst, who are at all times willing and able to uphold the constitution of the United States, and to defend the Stars and Stripes should occasion require it. It is such a body of men that Mayor Washburne (through the ignorant prejudice of a few Prairie avenue Knownothings) is trying to crush. Are we not as much entitled to carry on our Sunday games as are the different clubs of the City League Baseball Association? or is there a special city ordinance prohibiting us from playing our games, while the baseball men are allowed to play unmolested, and I believe without a license?

Does Mayor Washburne, in his high sense of morality, think it less sinful to have young men spend their Sundays in saloons and perhaps worse places, than to have them on the field enjoying the harmless though healthful and manly games of football and hurling? Let his "honor" answer.

FRANK J. RYAN,
Pres't Davitt Athletic Club.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.

The laying of the corner-stone of the new parochial school, belonging to St. Paul's church, on Ambrose avenue, took place on Sunday last, the ceremony being performed by Archbishop Feehan, who was attended by a large number of the clergy in the district. A number of the houses in the vicinity were profusely decorated with bunting and national flags. High mass was celebrated early in the morning by the archbishop, and at 10 o'clock the ceremonies in connection with laying the stone commenced. A procession was formed to escort the archbishop to the school. It was composed of the various Catholic beneficiary orders, the Young Men's Society of St. Paul and Stanislaus, the young women's societies of these churches, and the St. Ambrose court of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Altogether there were nine hundred people in line.

In laying the stone the archbishop stated that he hoped the school would be the heart of the congregation in the future. After the stone was laid a dedicatory hymn was sung by the children's choir, composed of 300 voices. The Rev. M. Abbelen of Milwaukee delivered the dedicatory sermon, and in it he urged the parish to always have the welfare of the school at heart, as the future progress of the church depended almost wholly upon the success of the parochial school.

After these ceremonies were over the archbishop held a confirmation service at which 250 children were received into the church. These children have been under the care of the Rev. G. D. Heldman, the pastor of St. Paul's church. Archbishop Feehan also blessed the banner of St. Paul's Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

Among the clergy present at the ceremonies were the Revs. Kalvelage of St. Frances'; Henneberry, Madden, and Finn of St. Pius'; Father Taechlieder, S. J., of the Church of the Sacred Heart, M. Barth of St. Theresa's, and Celestine, prior of St. Joseph's.

The school building will be a handsome structure, 63x90 feet in area, three stories and basement, and will contain twelve school rooms, an assembly-room, play room, library, and office. There will be space for 800 pupils. Buff Roman brick and blue Bedford stone will be the materials used in its construction. It will be heated by steam and thoroughly ventilated. The cost will be $30,000 and the building will be completed Jan. 1.

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Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DO NOT FLUNK.

That is the Advice Eleanor Kirk Gives to Those Who Are Uneasy About Cholera.

Some Suggestions Regarding the Acute Eczema Trouble Which is so Prevalent at Present.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 19.—It is the first time in the history of steamships that the steerage passenger, to use a common form of speech, has been just as good as the first cabin traveler. For once common law is in harmony with divine law, and money is powerless and influence impotent to bring about any distinction. Senators and aristocrats, Van Rensselaers and Astors, are suspects now with the wretched, dirty, and poverty-stricken emigrants, who probably had never before been considered as belonging to the same world.

It is awfully hard, and we who have our best and dearest among these same first cabin passengers, can be pardoned if once in a while this wholesale quarantine seems unnecessary, if not unjust. But it is not It is right in every respect, and in our sober moments we are well aware of it. The fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters of the ostracised steerage passengers haunting the office of the steamer companies, are more wretched than we, for the plague is actively among their dear ones, and it is not so near to ours, though they are under the same quarantine regulations.

There is nothing for us but to wait, and this is the hardest thing on earth to do. We are facing the inevitable, but by the exercise of common sense, which includes temperance in all things, and a plucky determination to keep from exaggerating the situation—and with the emotional this is a difficult thing not to do—we can be of infinite service to each other. "Flunk" is not a pretty word, but it expresses a great deal, and I say unto one and all and myself in particular—"Let us not Flunk."

I am pleased to hear that the women in quarantine are so generally helpful and courageous. We expect men to brace up in such crises, but this time the former are said to complain much less than the latter. Senator McPherson does not seem to have covered himself with glory. Very different was the conduct of Mrs. Hicks Lord, and Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who are reported to have said:

"There is cholera on board this ship, and it is right for us to stay here until all danger of infection is past."

Such words under such awful circumstances have the right ring to them.

A correspondent inquires if I have any theory concerning, or any help for, the acute eczema trouble which is so common at present.

Some physicians think it due to the extreme heat of the summer, but facts show that both adults and children who have been in the country through the heated term, have been the greatest sufferers. Many infants have been so severely effected that it has thrown them into dangerous fevers. One mother with twins was compelled to return to the city the first of August so as to have her little ones cared for by the family physician. He advised a simple cooling drink and Mme. Mandwell's Cocoline cream, which I have spoken of so many times, which is in constant use in my own family, and which I have not the slightest selfish or pecuniary interest in recommending. I pay for every box I use, and am thankful to do so, and more than pleased that a woman has been successful in compounding a safe and efficacious remedy for sore lips, sore nostrils, inflamed eyes, and general eczemic conditions, besides giving women something that will make them look better as well as feel better. Miss M. G. Anderson of 451 Gates avenue, who was asked by her lady patrons for something pure for the toilet, furnishes it for 35 cents per box. There was never anything so good for the chafing of infants.

If I were to give my readers all the recipes that are sent in for their use from time to time, I certainly should not have room in my weekly letter for anything else. I look them all over, however, and if I find anything new or particularly sensible among them I always utilize it. A housekeeper from northern New York writes a long letter on the proper way to do the weekly washing. "Soap, water, a metal rubbing board, and main strength," are her weapons of warfare upon the inoffensive linen. "Boil them half an hour," she adds, "rinse in three waters and hang up." The main strength which is exercised upon the metal rubbing board is supplied by a small boy to whom she pays 15 cents each Monday morning.

I give these extracts from this communication to show the utter impracticability and foolishness of many of the recipes for labor saving. How many boys, for instance, can be picked up of a Monday morning to play on a rubbing board for the munificent compensation of 15 cents?

Now my readers who are posted in this oracle of domestic service know that the rubbing board is needed only for exceptionally dirty articles. They also know that a long process of clothes boiling is a yellowing one. A half hour's soaking in quite warm water in which a little pearline has been dissolved will simplify this drudgery to a minimum. Two rinsing waters are sufficient. A quick scalding of clothes is useful, but a half hour's boiling will give them a complexion which no amount of rubbing or bleaching will ever disturb.

ELEANOR KIRK

HYMENEAL.

HAYDEN KELLY.

The wedding of Miss Ida Kelly daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly, to Mr. Joseph H. Hayden was celebrated Wednesday afternoon of last week, at 5:30 o'clock at the Holy Angels' church. The Rev. Father Tighe officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Allie Williamson. Mr. George B. Hennessy supported the groom. The ushers were Messrs. John H. Kelly, Robert Mitchell, James Sennott and Joseph Kelly. The bridal party approached the altar through the ribbon-bounded aisle and stood before a background of heavy foliaged plants, and bright colored asters. The bride wore a robe of white crystal bengaline. A filmy tulle veil fell over the massive bouquet of white roses to the edge of the full court train. Miss Williamson wore a dainty toilet of pale pink lansdowne, with pink chiffon trimming. She carried a cluster of La France roses. After the ceremony seventy guests were entertained at a reception held at the home of the bride's parents, No 4202 Vincennes avenue. The rooms were tastefully arrayed in American beauty roses and goldenrod. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden left the same evening for an Eastern trip, after which they will be at home at No. 4316 Berkeley avenue. Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Boland, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Boland, Mr. and Mrs. G. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. J. Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Murphy, Mr and Mrs. M. Hosen, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williamson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. Grovesmith, Mr. and Mrs. E Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Maloney, Mr. and Mrs. L. Honkomp, Dr. McGowen, Hon. M. J. Krene, Rev. Fathers Tighe, Callahan and Byrne, Messrs. J Barr, James Kelly, J. Conner, Robert Mitchell, James Sennott, Jr., John Kelly, Mrs. E. Hennessy, Miss Hennessy, Mrs. Neill, Mrs. Rose Kelly, Misses Mary Kelly, N. Kelly, Hattie Richards, May Williamson, Blanche Honkomp, May Kelly, Ella Hutchisson, Maude Colby, Myra Colby, Josie Conners, Nellie Mulhern, Crocker, Morrison, Boland, and others.

The presents were numerous and beautiful. Among them were a Knabe piano from the father of the bride; splendid diamond double star pendant, from the groom. Several silver and gold table sets, and numerous costly articles of household furniture.

THE JACKETS GREEN.

When I was a maiden, fair and young,
On the pleasant banks of the Lee,
No bird that in the green wood sung
Was half so blithe and free.
My heart ne'er beat with flying feet—
Though Love sung me her Queen—
Till down the glen came Sarsfield's men,
Who wore the jackets green.

Young Doonal sat on his gallant grey,
Like a king on a royal seat,
And my heart leaped out on his regal way,
To worship at his feet.
O love! had you come in those colors dressed,
And wooed with a soldier's mien.
I'd have lain my head on your throbbing breast,
For the sake of your jackets green.

No hoarded wealth did my love own
Save the good sword that he bore;
But I loved him for himself alone,
And the color that he wore:
For had he come in England's red,
To make me England's queen,
I'd rove the high green hills instead,
For the sake of the Irish green.

When William stormed with shot and shell
At the walls of Garryowen,
In the breech of death my Doonal fell,
And he sleeps near the Treaty Stone
In that breach the foeman never crossed,
While he swung his broadsword keen—
But I do not weep my darling lost,
For he fell in his jacket green.

When Sarsfield sailed away, I wept,
As I heard the wild *echone;*
I felt then dead as the men who slept
'Neath the fields of Garryowen;
While Ireland held my Doonal blessed,
No wild seas rolled between,
Till I would fold him to my breast,
All robed in Irish green.

My soul has sobbed, like waves of woe
That sad over tombstones break;
For I buried my heart in his grave below,
For his and Ireland's sake.
And I cry, "Make way for the soldier's bride,
In your halls of death's sad queen;
For I long to rest by my true love's side,
And wrapt in the folds of green."

O, Ireland, sad is thy lonely soul,
And loud beats the winter sea,
But sadder and higher the wild waves roll
From the hearts that break for thee.
Yet greif shall come to our heartless foes,
And their thrones in the dust be seen—
So, Irish maids, love none save those
Who wear but the Jackets Green.

Hall's Hair Renewer contains the natural food and color-matter for the hair, and medicinal herbs for the scalp, curing grayness, baldness, dandruff, and scalp sores.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Important Decree Regarding the Feast of St. Joseph—Brigandage in Italy and Sicily.

Interesting Church News From Ireland—Dedication of a New Church in the County Donegal.

From Rome.

THE FEAST OF ST JOSEPH.

The following important Decree by the Congregation of Rites has been approved by his Holiness the Pope. In his Encyclical of Aug. 15, 1889, Leo XIII, consecrated the church to the patronage of St. Joseph, and the present decree has been passed with the intention of regulating the order of ceremonies, etc. When the Feast of St. Joseph happens to fall upon a Passion Sunday, it will be celebrated on the following day, that is to say, on the Monday of Passion week. When the feastday falls during Holy week it will be kept on the Wednesday after the Sunday *in albis* that is to say, the first Sunday after Easter. This decision has put an end to many difficulties relating to the celebration of the feast of the venerable patron of the universal church.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MUNIFICENCE.

The Holy Father caused 12,000 lire to be distributed among the poor of Rome, and 3 000 lire among the needy priests and institutions, upon the occasion of his feastday (St. Joachim.)

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE HOLY SEE.

The French Ambassador, M. Lefebvre de Behaine, almost immediately upon his return from Paris, has announced that his government has charged him to promise the Holy Father that the Republic, of which he is the official representative, will take up the cause of the White Fathers of Uganda, and will follow it with severity and resolution. The fact that the English government intend to repair, as far as possible the violences of Capt. Lugard, who neither worked for religion nor civilization, is known. But it is to be regretted that no matter how small a part in this affair should be confided to the tender mercies of the French Ambassador at Rome, whose pronounced antipathy for our country, and everything concerning it, is notorious. Moreover, his gift of making bad worse has been proved again and again.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY AND SICILY.

The strong revival of brigandage in Italy is surprising its present governors extremely, for their subjects seem bent upon proving the old calumny that it flourished only under the Popes, to be absolutely false. In the provinces, at the gates of Rome, and in Sicily, public security is but a name today. Quite recently at Viterbo, in full day light, diligences were stopped and murder committed with impunity; in Sicily, Baron Antonio Spitalieri was riding towards one of his estates in the country, and although accompanied by his son and four servants, was assailed by nine brigands on horseback, armed to the teeth. They carried off the baron, and, as usual, demanded an enormous sum of money from his family if they desired to have him back to them alive. Fifty thousand francs were at once given by the Baroness Ciancio, sister-in-law to Spitalieri, whose country house adjoins the property he was about to visit. The sum was thrown to the brigands from a window after two hours of terrorizing the inmates by firing guns, threats, etc. The prisoner was then allowed to return to his family. But a few hours later on, the band again broke into the Baroness' house, demanding more money and even treating the lady with the greatest violence. Finally, after securing another hundred and ten thousand lire they decamped. The operations lasted for over eight hours and not even the shadow of an officer of public security disturbed these clever gentlemen. It is said that the root of the evil lies not in the inefficiency of the *gendarmerie.*

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THINGS

must be totally changed in Italy before these vices can be rooted out. The public sustain and protect brigands in the neighborhood of Viterbo, and all over Sicily. Many proprietors pay a regular sum to certain powerful chiefs, who in return, protect their property and person, and moreover, prevent any other brigands from attacking them. We can assert as a positive fact that some powerful princes of the Roman aristocracy pay as much as four or five thousand lire a year in order to secure this protection of their lives and property, and during the few months they pass in their country possessions, their children, and indeed all members of the family are constantly kept in view even during a short walk by a protector chosen no doubt from a band of brigands. In a most spirited leader *La Vera Roma* devotes four columns to the enumeration of the recent crimes of brigandage in Italy. We learn that children are no longer in safety throughout the Peninsula; travelers in railway trains, ditto, laborers going to their work, ditto; rich proprietors, ditto. *Excuses du pue*; the liberal papers literally teem with accounts of knife thrusts, vendettas, aggressions, robberies, and suicides. Rome, under the rule of the sovereign pontiff, so peaceful and its people so free from misery, has gone back to the days when, in order to populate his city, Romulus invited all the riff-raff of the earth to accept of his hospitality. Wolves are tame animals in comparison with some of the wild beasts that now inhabit the capital of Italy.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

DEDICATION OF A NEW CHURCH.

The most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, bishop of Raphoe, assisted by the Right Rev. Mgr. McFadden and several clergymen of the diocese, solemnly dedicated the new Church of St. Joseph, Ratamullan, county Donegal, on Sunday. For twenty years the want of a suitable edifice in which the holy sacrifice of the mass could be offered up was much felt by the priests and people of the parish, the only place available for the purpose being the court house, in which they assembled on Sundays and holidays. The present pastor, Father Collins, on his appointment to the parish immediately set to work to erect a church adequate to the wants of the place, and the result of his energy is the handsome structure which will seat five hundred people. Dr. O'Donnell preached an eloquent sermon after the first gospel of the mass. There was a very large congregation at the service, and again at vespers in the evening.

A FATHER MATHEW MEMORIAL HALL FOR CORK.

Recently the Very Rev. Canon Maguire applied to the Law and Finance Committee of the Cork Corporation for possession of the old Friary chapel near Cove street, on the site of which he intends to erect a memorial temperance hall to Father Mathew. No more suitable spot could be chosen on which to build an edifice in honor of the great apostle of temperance. Here the work to which he devoted his life will be carried on with redoubled energy by his indefatigable followers in the City by the Lee, many of whom received the pledge from him in the Friary chapel. The committee unanimously recommended to the Council the granting of the application, and there can be little doubt that a memorial worthy of Father Mathew will soon be erected on the spot which has been hallowed by his footsteps.

COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Thursday the 8th inst., the new College of the Immaculate Conception, Sligo, was opened with appropriate ceremonies. The Most Rev. Dr. McCormack celebrated pontifical high mass, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, bishop of Ossory. The college, which is an exceedingly handsome building, has been erected on an eminence overlooking the town and the charming country around. The view from it is extremely pretty, while owing to its elevation and the manner in which it has been fitted with the most modern appliances it must be very healthy. Its erection is due to the untiring zeal and energy of the Most Rev Dr. Gilhooly.

CONSECRATION OF DR. CONMY.

The Most Rev. Dr. Conmy coadjutor-bishop of Killala, was consecrated recently. The consecrating Prelate was his Grace the archbishop of Tuam, the assistant bishops being the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Clonfert, and the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Galway. There were also present the Most Rev. Dr. Armagh; the Most Rev. Dr. Gilhooly, bishop of Elphin; the Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, bishop of Achonry, and a large number of priests, some of whom came from distant parts of the diocese. The Most Rev. Dr. Conway, archbishop of the diocese, was unable to attend owing to illness. The Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., F.R.U.I., preached an eloquent sermon, which was heard with great attention by the congregation which filled the church. The new bishop is held in great respect by the clergy and laity of the diocese.

ORDINATIONS IN DERRY.

On Sunday morning the solemn ceremony of the ordination of priests took place in St. Eugene's Cathedral, Londonderry, when the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, the bishop of the diocese, ordained four young Levites. When mass commenced at half-past nine the church was filled in every part. The names of the newly ordained priests are: Rev. Hugh McGlynn, Rev. Charles McGill, Rev. Dennis Morris, and Rev. Patrick Duffy. The following priests assisted at the ceremonies held in connection with the ordination: Rev. Father Hassan, Adm., St. Eugene's; Rev. Prof. McHugh, Rev. Father O'Kane, Rev. Father Mullan and Rev. Father Mahon.

FEAST OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The Feast of St. Augustine was solemnized in the Augustinian churches both in Dublin and the provinces with unusual solemnity. Masses were celebrated from an early hour in the morning, and thousands received holy communion.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

The Dominican nuns of St. Mary's Convent, Kingstown, supply daily a large number of destitute children attending their schools with breakfast. In aid of the funds for this meritorious purpose Father Cullen, C.C., preached a sermon on last Sunday in St. Michael's church, Kingstown. His appeal met with a generous response.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

Swamps

Are not the only abode of malaria. You find it everywhere, even in localities where atmospheric and sanitary conditions would seem to be unfavorable to its development. The universal remedy for and preventive of the dire complaint is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Wherever the malady assumes its most virulent form, and whether it be chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, the Bitters is most popular and constitutes the best means of protection and cure. From Maine to the Isthmus of Panama, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America and the tropics this truly famous medicine has won "golden opinions" from all conditions and classes in more than a metaphorical sense. For debility, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, insomnia, neuralgia, liver and kidney trouble it is highly efficacious. Use it with persistence.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XIII.

"By our campfires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And as we took our places
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths
And some were girding swords."

Back again with the Brigade!—not now with his old regiment, but with a new one which was organized (largely with deserters from the British ranks) in the April of his escape, with the indomitable Lally as colonel, O'Hegarty as lieutenant colonel, and Glascock, late of Dillon's, as major.

"Cead mile failte, boy!" exclaimed the latter in hearty greeting to O'Roman, as, once more in his lieutenant's uniform, he appeared at mess; "but I hope it's not your ghost we see. Why, we all heard and believed that you were dead—we did as sure as I'm telling you!"

Filled with tender anxiety for his fiancee Fergus would have applied for leave of absence in order to pay a flying visit to Peronne; but this was now out of the question, as a great battle was imminent.

The allied army, numbering about 56,000 "of the finest troops in Europe, and all their corps complete"—English under the Duke of Cumberland, Dutch under the Prince of Waldeck, Austrians under Count Konigseg—was advancing from Soignies to the relief of Tournay which had been invested by Saxe on the 24th. The latter commander made due disposition of the forces under his command, appointing 18,000 under the Marquis de Rezé to continue the siege, 6,000 to guard the bridges of the Scheld, and 40,000 to cover the siege operations. With this latter force (with whom were the Irish Brigade), he prepared to give the advancing allies a warm reception.

However, the gallant veteran was greatly prostrated by sickness—his joint enemies, gout and consumption, attacking him with might and main. Besides, there was a new and peculiar trouble to add to his discomfort. One stormy night when a furious flood had swept away some of the bridges of the river, Fergus, dispatched by Lally to notify the marshal, found the latter in great affliction.

"Yes—yes; oh, cursed misfortune!"

"But, marshal," said an aide-de-camp in amazement at this show of deep despair, "things are not so bad; they can be easily remedied."

"Remedied? there is no remedy! Alas, I am undone! undone!"

And the count shook his aged head, his wig quivering like an aider in a storm and his ear-rings sparkling to the light of the lamp.

"Oh, I hope not! Surely the affair will not be attended with such awful consequences. When we get our engineers to work the bridges will soon"——

"Bah!" cried Saxe with vehement impatience, "who could have thought you were speaking about some broken bridges? We'll get that all right in three hours. But Chantilly is gone! They have taken away Chantilly from me! Alas, how I bear it!"

The cause of his dire distress was that his enchantress of the stage, Madame de Chantilly, had just run away with her favored admirer, the journeyman pastry cook Favart—whose comic operas afterwards gained him some celebrity.

Fergus' account of the scene in the marshal's tent put his brother officers into throes of laughter. It may be added that a "lettre de cachet" compelled the actress, though now Madame Favart, to return to the camp, and that she was not allowed to leave Saxe until his death, at which, five years afterward, she was present.

But notwithstanding this and other instances of the marshal's weak point his martial brain fully retained its great powers, as was well testified by the admirable position he took up to oppose the advancing enemy.

Nearly on the extreme left of his line of battle was the position assigned to the Irish Brigade, and, on the eve of the 11th of May, their camp fires glimmering on the plain behind the redoubt facing an angle of the wood of Barry showed where many a brave and ardent heart, fraught with memories of old Ireland, was beating in anticipation of the stern battle to be fought on the morrow at Fontenoy.

A cannon-shot booming sullenly through the cold grey gloom of morning, swift followed by the loud ruffle of many drums beating the *batterie du tambour*, roused up the men of the Brigade that memorable May morning. Meals were hastily consumed, weapons and accoutrements assumed, and ranks formed in the dim matin twilight, and all stood to their arms, watching and waiting for the fray.

The latter opened with an artillery duel. Up from the hedges and slopes in front rose the spectral wreaths of white smoke from the field pieces which Saxe had pushed forward to check the enemy's advance; and far down the long slope which was crested with the French position could be seen the distant flash of the hostile ordnance, where the allies were coming on in the darkness.

These were the only sights and sounds that could be at first distinguished from the position of the Irish Brigade, but gradually a crimson belt deepened and brightened over the sombre horizon in front, and at length up came the sun in all his glory, rising for the last time to the gaze of many a fated man in the hostile armies.

His rays were reflected in a myriad points of light from the bayonets of the array of regiments in blue, red, and white, extending in a vast semi circle from the hamlet of Ramercroix on the left, on by the two redoubts d'Eu (behind which were the Irish and Swiss), fronting the dark foliage of the Bois de Barri, on by the village of Fontenoy, strengthened with earthworks and bristling with cannon, and on by various small redoubts flanting the lily flag, to where on the right of the position the regiments of Piedmont and Biron, under the Count de la Marche, occupied the strongly fortified village of Antoine, on the bank of the Scheld.

Immediately to the rear of the Irish was drawn up the Brigade de la Couronne, and at intervals within the horns of the formidable crescent were visible the dark masses of Gardes du Corps, Carabiniers, Black and Grew Mousquetaires, Gensdarmes, Grenadiers a Cheval; and there also were arrayed the squadrons of the Irish cavalry regiment of Fitzjames, their red uniforms faced with blue.

In a central position to the rear of these stood on a commanding height the little chapel of Our Lady of the Wood, where King Louis the Fifteenth and the Dauphin were posted to watch the progress of the battle, with several of their retinue perched in the upper branches of the neighboring trees. Here the royal standard of France waved its white folds on the breeze.

Further off was the bridge of Calonne across the Scheld, strongly fortified to favor the retreat of the army and check the progress of the enemy in case of a defeat.

A cheer pealed from the Irish ranks as the gallant commander of the Brigade came riding over with Lally from the staff of Saxe, and Lord Clare doffed his hat in response to the salute as he passed along the ranks to take up his position on a small knoll. Here he and his companion were joined by Colonels Dillon, Berwick, and Rothe, forming a picturesque group of horsemen, in their richly laced uniforms and steel cuirasses. As for the veteran Count Buckley, he was absent in Germany with the army of the Prince de Conti.

The entire Brigade now waiting under arms numbered about 3800 men; the regiments of Clare, Dillon, Buckley, Rothe, and Berwick having each 645 privates, with sixteen cadets, while that of Lally had 445.

Higher and brighter shone the sun, and the cannonade grew fast and furious. The clouds of battle smoke mounted higher and higher till they hid the steeple of Fontenoy and hung like a white canopy over the line of batteries and redoubts from that place to Antoine. Nearer and louder grew the roar of the allied guns, till the men of the Brigade could hear the deep hum of an occasional roundshot as it cut the air over their heads. In the intervals of the artillery fire could be heard the incessant roll of the English musketry—*feu d'enfer*, as the French called it.

Cumberland launched column after column against the French centre at Fontenoy, but again, and again, and yet again were his men hurled back in confusion by the fire of the French ordnance. The Prince of Waldeck with his Dutch was attacking as furiously and vainly on the right, whence there came the sound of heavy firing.

When the cannonade had lasted fully four hours, and 9 o'clock had chimed from the steeple of Fontenoy, a mounted aide came dashing across the slope with a dispatch from Saxe to Lord Clare; and Fergus O'Ronan recognized the features the Count de Peronne. Rezé, however, did not notice him as he rode by the wing of the regiment.

"The Dutch have been twice repulsed in their assault on our right," he said in response to eager inquiries after delivering his message; "but they would certainly have burst through our line but for the redoubts erected last night—for which we stand indebted to you, Count Lally."

Lally bowed and smiled in response to Peronne's compliment, which was one of the best-merited of its kind. On the previous evening, when our indefatigable Franco Gael was making a private survey of the French position, his sharp eye discovered that that position might easily be turned, and the army outflanked and defeated, by an enemy breaking through the weak line of defenses between Fontenoy and Antoine. Three redoubts defended by sixteen cannon were therefore thrown up by his advice between the two places; and to these the repulse of Waldeck was now mainly due.

"Should the marshal require any hard fighting done," said Clare, "you will oblige us, monsieur le comte, by reminding him that we are here."

"Trust me to be your advocate for glory. You may soon expect the order to advance," replied Rezé, turning his horse's head.

"*A la bonne heure!*" laughed the Chevalier Dillon.

The young count galloped away, passing again close by Fergus without seeing him. Little the latter knew what important turn of fate depended on that simple circumstance.

He followed with his eyes the receding form of the brother of his fiancee, until a movement of cavalry hid him from his right. Then he turned his attention to a sudden movement which was taking place among the artillerymen in the Redoubt d'Eu, right in front of their line. Next instant the guns of that redoubt were bellowing defiance to an assaulting column of the enemy, the smoke of the discharge rising up athwart the glossy trees of the wood of Barri, where the puffs of the muskets of Lord Semple's Highlanders were darting whitely from the underwood.

That regiment and three others, under Brigadier General Ingoldsby, had been sent by Cumberland to carry the redoubt at the bayonet point. But the British ranks were plowed by roundshot and grape as they debouched from the shelter of the wood, and were ultimately driven back with slaughter. For his failure to take the redoubt Ingoldsby was afterwards courtmartialed and dismissed from the service, being thus made the scapegoat of Cumberland's blunders.

And now came another lull in the battle tempest—the ominous lull which preceded the grand crisis of the day.

Down the slope in front of the French centre, where the white houses of the hamlet of Veson could be dimly discerned through the battle cloud, the royal duke was arraying his columns for a last desperate assault—three thin columns which united as they came onward into one deep and powerful column of 16,000 British and Hanoverian infantry, marching straight for the gap, nine hundred yards wide, which lay between the Redoubt d'Eu and Fontenoy. The guns of both these places opened on them as they came onward, but presently a deep hollow hid them from view. Soon they appeared on its crest, dragging with them some twenty pieces of cannon, and on they came with admirable bravery and discipline, a vast oblong square of scarlet and yellow, their myriad bayonets twinkling in the sun, their numerous pairs of colors flaunting in the breeze, and their drummers rattling away on the flank of each regiment.

Their cannon now blazed a defiant response to the hostile fire, and Cumberland's intention became evident; he meant at all hazards to penetrate the French centre.

There was now great commotion visible among the French staff. A break in the group of gaily attired horsemen revealed to the gaze of our hero the litter, a basket woven of withes of willow, wherein the enfeebled Saxe was borne about the field, sucking a leaden bullet to quench a burning thirst.

At this point an aide-de-camp came at breakneck speed to the latter with the alarming news that the guns at Fontenoy had run short of ammunition.

"Fire, then, with powder alone; keep up the appearance of defense at all events," was the marshal's command; but soon a fresh supply of ammunition was thrown into the battery.

There was now several exclamations of regret from Lord Clare and his brigadiers. An officer on a splendid horse—horse and rider all white—riding a little in front of the adjacent redoubt, had been struck by an English roundshot, and lay motionless beside his disemboweled charger. The dashing young Duc de Grammont—whose *faux pas* had occasioned the catastrophe at Dettingen—had been mortally wounded: he died on the field.

A blare of trumpets rang on the air. Four battalions of the French Guards drew up in line to encounter the advancing fire, and the household troops of both nations confronted each other, the white ranks of the Maison du Roi being opposed to the scarlet ones of the British Guards the Scots, English, and Coldstreams.

"Your health, gentlemen of the French Guards," cried Lord Charles Hay, stepping flask in hand to the front of his corps. "We are the English Guards, and hope you will stand still till we come up so you, and not swim the Scheldt, as you did the Maine at Dettingen."

It was at this point that Count d'Autcroche is said to have doffed his hat and declined Hay's invitation to fire, chivalrously declaring that "the French Guards never fire first."

The dread fusillade burst forth, the English firing by platoons—one company loading while the other was firing—and so keeping up that terrific rolling fire which a looker on of King Louis' retinue termed "really infernal." A long residence in Paris had rendered the Maison du Roi rather effeminate; three of their battalions broke and recoiled from that deadly fire; the fourth fought well but had eventually to give way a loud cheer from the enemy hailing their repulse; and on came the huge column of attack, on between Fontenoy and the redoubt, heedless of the murderous cross-fire from these places that tore through its ranks; on like a moving fortress, and rolling from rank to rank, where the gaps left by the wounded and slain were filled up as soon as made; on deeper and deeper into the French position.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Charles Herbert, aged 17 years, was killed at the Enterprise wire mills in Joliet while trying to put a belt on revolving pulley.

Joseph McVain, a Fitchville, O., farmer, accidentally killed himself while hunting.

John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, has gone on a visit to Andrew Carnegie, the American iron millionaire, at the lodge of Loch Rannoch, Perthshire, Scotland.

T. W. Latham, treasurer of the Young People's Baptist association of Norwalk, O., has been arrested for stealing a bicycle.

A tame buffalo which was recently killed by unknown vandals in Kiowa county, Kan., was valued at $1,500. It was the largest buffalo bull in the country.

GAELIC POETRY.

Go mairidh na Gaedhil!

Go mairidh na Gaedhil a's a g-caoin-chaint cheoil!
Go mairid le saoghaltaibh i d-treise 's i d-treóir,
Nach taithneamh libh an sceul, nach grádh libh an glór—
"Anois tá na Gaedhil in Eirinn beo!"

Ni fior go bh-fuil an tir no an teanga dul a bh-feogh',
Ni fior go bh-fuil ár meanmain caithte go fóill,
Cia seal dúinn faoi scamall 's le tamall faoi cheo,
Tá Gaedhil agus Gaedhilig in Eirinn fós.

Och, is sámh linn na sceula, is grádh linn an glór,
Go bh-fuil sean-teanga Eireann ag dirighe in onóir,
Biodh an guidhe in a g-croidhe anois a's le n-ár ló
Nár raibh Eire gan Gaedhealaibh, gan Gaedhilig go deo!

Go mairidh na Gaedhil! a stártha 'gus a sceoil,
A ngean a's a ngreann, a g-ciuichthe 'gus a g-ceol,
Má's mian linne féin, má's dúinn croidhe pa d-treon,
Béidh na Gaedhil a's an Gaedhilig faoi fhir-mheás fós.

Mar le cluasaibh 's le croidhthibh na nGall fad ó
Ba bhinne ár nGaedhilig a's do b'fhearr ná ceol,
Ag sliocht na nGall g-ceudna ta andiu grádh mór
Air ár d-teangain, sin ár g-ceangal, ó's le h-Eirinn dóibh.

Gaill agus Gaedhil in aon ghrádh teo,
Acht Gaedhil-fhir go leir ins an aon chaint bheo,
Do Dhia na bh-flathas biodh seseht mile glóir,
Tá caithréim agus eld i n-dáu dúinn fós.

Go mairidh na Gaedhil 's a bh-fuil i ngrádh leo!
Sonas agus seun ortha, aosda a's óg,
Suaimhneas a's siodh aca d'oidhche a's do ló—
Mar sin go raibh se linn in ár d-tir go deo!

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Remarkable Offer.

It requires no extravagant language to emphasize the offer which we make to day to our readers in connection with the greatest educational enterprise of the age.

This offer stands without parallel and is an opportunity never before presented anywhere. As announced on another page 10 cents a day for a very short period will enable our readers to acquire a complete set of that greatest of all Reference Libraries, the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica. This work is beyond question one of the grandest monuments of scholarly research and patient endeavor in the whole realm of literature.

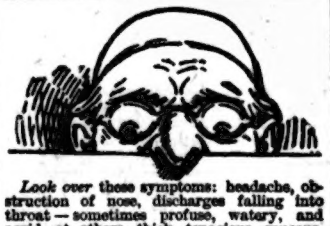
The first edition of this comprehensive work was published more than a century ago, and the last or ninth edition was issued about fifteen years ago. In this revised edition, the Britannica has been condensed, revised and added to with the intention of adapting it especially to the needs of American readers, and at the same time bringing it within reach of the purses of many who could not possibly obtain the original work.

In the process of condensation, superfluous matter has been taken out in order to make room for a large amount of matter not to be found in the first edition, dealing with most important American affairs. This Encyclopedia which we have the pleasure of offering to our readers is the Revised Britannica, complete in 20 octavo volumes of over 7,000 pages; 14,000 columns and 8,000,000 words, printed on a fine quality of paper, from new type, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last a lifetime.

The most wonderful fact in connection with our offer is that we send the entire twenty volumes with all charges prepaid, on receipt of only one dollar, and allow you to pay the other $9 at the rate of 10 cents a day for ninety days, payable mothly, thus placing it within easy reach of everyone.

To encourage your children in habits of economy, and for that noblest of all purposes—economy for the sake of an education, we send with each set a dime savings bank wherein a dime can be deposited each day. This is certainly a golden opportunity and one which our readers should take advantage of at once as the offer will continue for a limited period only.

Sir Walter Raleigh's house at Youghal, county Cork, lately the property of Sir John Pope Hennessy, was offered for sale at public auction on Monday week, but no bidding took place.



Look over these symptoms: headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat—sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. You won't have all of them at once; probably only a few of them; but they mean Catarrh.

And the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy mean to cure it, if you'll let them, no matter how bad or how long standing.

If they can't, they'll pay you $500 in cash. They mean that, too, just as it's printed.

They offer you the money—or a certain cure, if you'll take their medicine. But if they weren't certain of the cure, they'd never offer you the money.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5 50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $33.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No 34—Men's size open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve hand some watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $15 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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THE GRAND ARMY MEN

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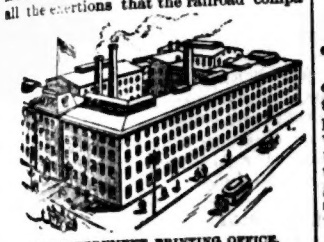
AN ENTERTAINING WEEK PROMISED.

Dedication of Grand Army Place, Located on the Famous White Lot—Speeches Made by Commander-in-Chief Palmer and Vice President Morton—Arrival of Members of the Famous Sixth Massachusetts—Pleasant Time on the Kearsarge.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Grand Army week opened fair and cool with every apparent indication of a continuance of good weather during the exercises and celebrations in connection with the national encampment. All through the night the streets were alive with marching men, G. A. R. posts and their friends, on their way from railroad stations to quarters. Despite all the exertions that the railroad compa-



THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

nies made to handle the crowds promptly, the visitors were from two to twelve hours late in reaching the city; but as rapidly as possible the trains are rolling into the city and unloading their human freight. The passengers accept the situation with the best possible grace, and whatever the measure of their discontent it is all dissipated upon arriving at the capital, as they look upon the generous and artistic manifestations of welcome and find themselves surrounded with reminiscences of the war and in the society of those whose friendship was knit in the blood and smoke of battle.

The Sixth Massachusetts.

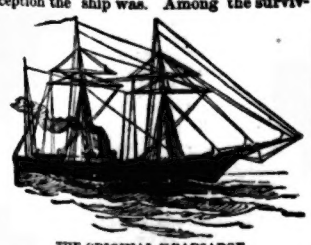
Despite all delays it is believed that every one who is bound for the encampment and reunion will reach the city in time to witness the great parade. Among the notable arrivals was that of the famous Sixth Massachusetts, the first to respond to President Lincoln's call for troops. En route to Washington they were fired upon in Baltimore April 19, and spilled the first blood after the assault upon Fort Sumter. Several hundred men are present with the command, and as they marched up the avenue late Sunday night, with their tattered flags at the head of the column, they were greeted with cheer after cheer all along the route until their quarters were reached. Detroit post, whose membership is limited to 150, also came in Sunday night. Senior Vice Commander H. M. Duffield and General Alger are members. They came by special vestibuled trains to the capital, making faster time than the regular east-bound limited. The post has a gigantic color-bearer in the person of C. W. Reynolds, who served in a New Hampshire regiment. He is six feet three inches high and weighs nearly 300 pounds.

Handsome Decorations.

Distinguished visitors are abundant—ex-President Hayes, Major Generals Howard, Miles and Brooks, and General B. F. Butler are prominent among them. A pilgrimage to Old Camp Stoneman, near Giesboro Point, nearly opposite Alexandria, will be made by the survivors of the First New York volunteers (Ellsworth zouaves), First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh and Eighth United States cavalry, who were encamped there during the stirring days in the 60's. The palm for decorations must be awarded to the government printing office. The display of bunting which has broken out above that dingy structure, which shelters 2,000 employes of Uncle Sam, is something marvelous. For completeness and ingenuity its like has never been seen in the city. It is the result of labor which has been expended during the noon hours and after work for a week past by the employes themselves. Each division endeavored to out-decorate its neighbors, until no possible opportunity for a display of red, white and blue remained. The exterior of the building is festooned with great clusters of red, white and blue and national flags, gathered in points at the eaves and sweeping over the doors. The mammoth design above the North Capitol street entrance is particularly imposing. Inside there is enough bunting to decorate a city.

On Board the Kearsarge.

The first formal ceremony of the day was "handshaking" among the crew on board the Kearsarge on Grand Army place. The ship was full trimmed, a line of gay colored bunting floating from stem to stern over the top of the main mast. No other object on the place is so generally admired as the Kearsarge, and the proudest man in sight is Major Michael, whose conception the ship was. Among the survivors of the crew of the Kearsarge present are Philip Weeks, who was a main-top man, who, during the historic fight served on the 11-inch pivot gun; Charles Bowen, a foretop man; Frank Cook, captain of the afterguard, and James McGee. Surgeon George B. Brown is now surgeon general of the navy and lives here. Others are Boatswains Mate Michael B. Drewry, Chief Boatswain's Mate John H. Bons, Fireman Michael C. Cody, Lawrence C. Crowley and John C. Hays. J. G. Baker, a skilled workman at the navy yards, who superintended the construction of the ship as she stands



THE ORIGINAL KEARSARGE.

Grand Army Place.

Preliminary to the festivities of the week was the dedication of Grand Army place, located on the famous white lot just south of the White House grounds. This place grew up under the inspiration of the suggestion of Comrade John McElroy, editor of The National Tribune, that some central point should be provided and furnished where the old veterans might meet their associates of the war. This finally expanded into the place of reunions as it will be carried out on Grand Army place. The plaza surrounding the flag tower, where the dedicatory exercises were held, was crowded to its utmost capacity before noon—the hour fixed upon for the event. The vice president and commander-in-chief were escorted to their places on the reviewing stand, where they saw the parade. The fifteen hundred seats on the platform were occupied by prominent G. A. R. and W. R. C. officers and government officials—a most distinguished gathering.

Palmer and Morton Speak.

The assembly call on the bugle secured partial order and the Marine bank played a national air after which Comrade McElroy formally called the assemblage to order and introduced Rev. S. B. Paine, C. D., of Ocean Grove, N. J., chaplain-in-chief, who delivered the dedicatory prayer. Another air by the Marine band followed and then Commander-in-Chief Palmer made the introductory address. As he arose on the platform the old soldiers gave him a most affectionate meeting.

When Palmer finished his address Vice President Morton delivered a short speech which was received with applause. The flag on the staff, 150 feet overhead, was then unfurled and saluted by a park of artillery. With the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Marine band the dedication of Grand Army place was complete and thousands of comrades dispersed.

Harrison Will Not Attend.

LOON LAKE, Sept. 19.—The following telegram explains itself:

TO HON. LEVI P. MORTON, vice president of the United States: It is now quite certain that I will not be able to take any part in the Grand Army exercises, and I will be very glad if, as the second officer of the government, you will take up the duties assigned to me on the official programme that all possible honors may be shown to the veterans who gather this week at the national capital.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

CHOLERA PETERING OUT.

Affairs Not Near So Bad at New York as Last Week.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The cholera scare has about petered out and it appears that the cholera has done likewise. Affairs were at a complete standstill at headquarters Monday. The only steps taken by the board of health were to quarantine the steamship State of Nevada and an old canalboat on North river. The steamship was quarantined because of the death on board Sunday evening of Stoker Knox after an attack of diarrhœa. He had been ashore and got drunk. His mates say that he was subject to such attacks after sprees. An autopsy on the body of Knox was made Monday morning. The results have not as yet been given out. The canal boat quarantined is the Henry Cahill. She lies at the foot of Thirtieth street, North river. She is the property of James Carr, who went to New Brunswick to see a sick child and died there Sunday of what the New Brunswick board declared was Asiatic cholera. There were a number of cholera reports received at the headquarters of the health department which proved on investigation to be entirely groundless.

IN MURDEROUS RAGE.

Indiscriminate Shooting Results in the Death of an Innocent Man.

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—James Duffy, a watchman in the freight yard of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, shot and instantly killed one of his fellow-workmen, Antone Demersh at 4 o'clock Monday morning, and wounded two others—Robert Markey and Charles Johns. The wounded men will recover. The murder was the outcome of a quarrel between Duffy and Markey. The latter with a half dozen other employes of the road, was sitting in Duffy's switch shanty when Duffy ordered him out of it. Markey arose and struck Duffy two violent blows in the face, whereupon the enraged switchmen stepped outside and, thrusting a revolver through a window began firing indiscriminately. The first bullet passed through Demersh's neck and killed him instantly. The second shot struck Johns on the right arm and the third wounded Markey in the side. The murderer offered no resistance to the police and was held without bail.

THREATENED UNCLE SAM'S CONSUL

An Incident at Colon That Will Interest the State Department.

PANAMA, Sept. 19.—The prefect of police in Colon Saturday stopped United States Consul Ashby and United States Inspector of Customs Vopham near the Colon docks, and in the presence of a crowd charged them with violating the quarantine which has been placed upon the steamship Newport. The prefect spoke very sharply to Mr. Ashby, admonishing him that his conduct was beyond excuse and threatening him with deportation as punishment for his contempt of the authorities and the governor's proclamation. Mr. Vopham was taken to jail, but was released at 8:30 in the evening.

Odd Fellows at Portland, Or.

PORTLAND, Sept. 19.—A great many of the visiting Odd Fellows attended Divine service at the various churches of the city Sunday. The public reception to the members of the sovereign grand lodge was held at the Marquam Grand Opera house at 9:30 Monday morning. Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Pennoyer and Major Mason. From the opera house the sovereign grand lodge marched to Ari hall under an escort, where the convention was formally opened. The principal business of the morning was the reading of reports and their reference to the several committees. A grand parade took place at 2:30 in the afternoon.

Cow Causes a Wreck.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 19.—About 1 o'clock Monday morning as a Big Four switch engine was backing eight box cars from the east end yards to Harshmanville they ran into a cow. Three cars were derailed and thrown in a heap into the ditch. Conductor Michael McGlynn was instantly killed. His head was mashed into a jelly. Brakeman Charles Davis was badly injured but will recover.

Carnegie's Homestead Mills.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Sept. 19.—Eighteen workmen from Philadelphia arrived Saturday and were put at work in the mills. Under cover of darkness Friday night a large number of Hungarians held a meeting on the river bank near the mill yard. They were addressed by representatives of the Carnegie Steel company, and it is said that they voted to return to work by the end of this week.

Minister Cowhided.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 19.—Dr. A. E. Bridger, pastor of the Congregational church at Jenning, was cowhided Sunday by D. E. M. Burke, who acted for the male portion of the congregation, for uttering condemnations of the characters of the women of the town generally. Dr. Bridger did not flinch under the punishment.

VETERANS ON PARADE.

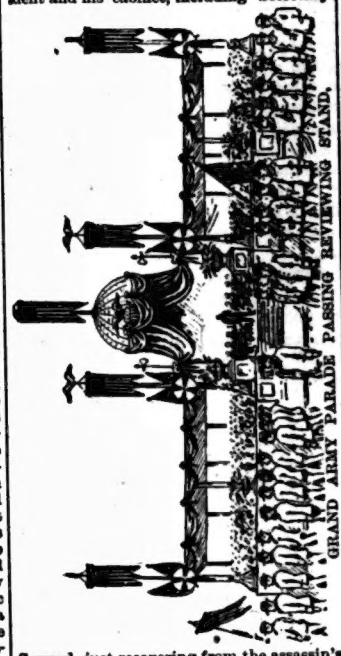
Grand Army Men March in Washington Streets.

GREAT REVIEW OF 1865 RECALLED.

But Thousands Who Marched Then Have Been Called to Unknown Shores.

In 1865 It Took Two Days of Seven Hours Each for the Boys in Blue to Pass the Reviewing Stand—Enthusiasm Created by the Sherman Bummers—Scenes and Incidents During the Parade of the Grand Army Encampment of 1892.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The Grand Army of the Republic made its second triumphant march along Pennsylvania avenue Tuesday. Time's ravages in its ranks made it possible to attempt in one day what it required two long days to accomplish in 1865. To the survivors of the 160,000 men of the Armies of the Potomac and the West, who, on the memorable 23d and 24th of May, 1865, passed in review before the president and his cabinet, including Secretary



Seward, just recovering from the assassin's knife, the foreign ministers, the military attaches of all the great powers of Europe, and their own beloved and illustrious generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, the contrasts and reminiscences called out were necessarily striking. It took seven hours—from 9 to 4—each day for the armies of 1865 to pass the reviewing stand and the estimated length of the two days' procession was thirty miles.

Very Different Now.

Washington was a very different city then. The Capitol in 1865 was walled in and surrounded by heavy timber. Neither of the present stately marble wings now occupied by senate and house was then completed. The cobblestone pavement of Pennsylvania avenue was worn into alternate gullies and hillocks by the passage of heavy commissariat wagons and artillery. Tiber sewer rolled its filthy waters uncovered. Not one handsome building was to be seen from the Capitol to the treasury department. The leading features of that great review live in memory and have passed into history. First the resonant hoof beats and clattering sabers of Sheridan's 8,000 cavalry, Custer's magnificent horsemanship and his theatrical dash up to

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AS SEEN FROM THE TREASURY.

the reviewing stand. Next in line the battle-worn Ninth corps with its bullet torn flags and the shattered remnants of what had once been regiments a thousand strong, now reduced to barely more than a full company—the 109th and 51st New York, the 50th Pennsylvania, the 30th and 35th Massachusetts, and the 2d Michigan. Then the Fifth corps with its trophies of Yorktown, Chicahominy, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness. The grim earnestness and steady marching of Meade's magnificent Army of the East left nothing to be desired as a spectacular military display the first day.

Sherman's Bummers.

But the enthusiasm of the second day, when Sherman's bummers—the first and only original wild west show—marched past with all their picturesque lot of coons and chickens and goats and cooking utensils, and mules and contrabands of war all irregularly mixed up, as in the actual march through Georgia with the swarthy veterans themselves, with their long swinging stride that told of forced marches and hard fighting, some of them barefooted, but with musket and cartridge box bright and ready—all of them bearing the marks of gallant service done—all this no one who witnessed it will ever forget. And many of those in the march Tuesday were there in 1865 and not a few of the spectators Tuesday saw that other historic scene of twenty-seven years past. The arrangements for the movements of the armies on the second day were admirable. The right wing, composed of the Army of the Tennessee, including the Fifteenth and Eighteen corps, Major General Logan commanding, and the left wing, composed of the Army of Georgia, including the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, Major General Slocum commanding, had bivouacked on the night previous, without knapsacks, and with two days' cooked rations in their haversacks, on the Virginia shore of the Long Bridge. At daylight in the morning they had moved across the bridge and taken their position upon the streets and grounds east of the Capitol.

First Great National Review.

By 8 o'clock both armies were in position awaiting with stacked arms the signal for marching. Their marching was irregular and with frequent gaps, but the cheering which Sherman and his army received from first to last of that long day knew no cessation. In the third division of the Twentieth Army corps at the head of the First brigade marched Brevet Brigadier General Benjamin Harrison of Indiana. The parade of 1865 was the first great national review the country had ever seen. The nation had had its wars, but no pageant had marked their successful termination. The flag had been planted upon the heights of Mexico and then the army had gone home separately like folks from church. When our boundaries were saved from British grasp, it was thought useless to do any congratulatory parading, and after redeeming our gauge of independence our forefathers melted steadily away with only a little sunburst of Washington's farewell to his officers. Fortunately, however, at the close of the war there were two armies in and near this city. All of the soldiers composing them dwelt at the north, and Washington was a better place than any other for their dispersion. The fortitude of the men and the struggles in which they had borne so brave a part deserved commemoration, and out of this sentiment grew the march which was repeated Tuesday. In many respects it will probably stand out as equally remarkable in the country's history.

THE PROCESSION MOVES.

The Line of March Crowded with Interested Spectators.

There was a suspicion of rain in the air in the early morning. The clouds and bracing northeast wind were grateful moderators of the temperature and made it an ideal day for marching. The hour for the moving of the parade was 9:30 o'clock, but it was long after that ere the body started. For two hours previous to the hour designated the streets leading to the avenue were thronged with hurrying people eager to secure an advantageous view point for the day's event. All along the broad thoroughfare tiers of seats had been erected, commanding good views of the procession. These were crowded, as were the cross streets abutting on the avenue, the windows of houses fronting there, and the sidewalks from the Capitol to Washington circle two miles away, which formed the limits of the parade. Nearly half as many old soldiers were in line as passed up the avenue on the historic days of 1865 and trod in their feeble steps. The conditions of the two occasions were widely different, and although age had somewhat weakened the physical powers of the survivors Tuesday they were enabled to cover the distance with not much more fatigue than then, not being encumbered with arms and accoutrements and having a smooth, firm, broad way for their feet, instead of a dusty, rough highway. The surroundings, too, were inspiriting.

Marched in Double Column.

The procession moved under the orders of the commander-in-chief in double column, rows of twelve, one on either side of the car tracks, platoons being twelve paces apart, and between departments twenty-four paces. Heading the procession was the citizen's committee on parade. They were mounted, and with the aids appointed by the chairman, numbered a hundred or more. Following them came the escort to the commander-in-chief—the Old guard of Washington and the Albany, N. Y., Grand Army battalion. General Palmer's determination to have the procession march in double column was the means of avoiding a possible controversy between these two organizations over the right of the head of the line. As it was they marched side by side and the amour propre was fully preserved. General Palmer, commander-in-chief; Henry M. Duffield of Detroit, senior vice commander, and T. S. Clarkson of Omaha, junior vice commander, accompanied by the official staff of the commander-in-chief, and his aides de camp followed. The Grand Army escort, a post of honor, was accorded to the survivors of the famous Sixth Massachusetts regiment, and the first defenders of Washington. The United States Signal corps, Veteran association, which is holding its seventeenth annual reunion in connection with the G. A. R. encampment, closed the first part of the procession.

The Choral Tribute.

Then came the G. A. R. posts by departments. The old soldier was apparent in every step, and the proudly martial bearing of the veterans was strengthened by the plaudits of the multitude which rang continually in their ears as they passed. The posts marched in the order of their seniority, beginning with Illinois, where the G. A. R. was organized. The rear of the procession was brought up by the Naval Veterans' association. A pleasing feature of the march and one that the veterans greatly enjoyed was the choral tribute to their presence by school children of the District. They were located at two points—300 colored girls at the corner of Third street and the avenue and 500 white girls at the corner of Fifteenth street.

When the vice president's reviewing stand in front of the treasury building was reached General Palmer and staff saluted most gracefully and the response came back from Mr. Morton no less effectively. Passing on to the stand reserved for himself and officials of the G. A. R. General Palmer with his aides and associates left the column and took the places provided for them in front of the state, war and navy building.

Monument to General Crook.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—The foundation of the monument to General Crook, to be erected by the Society of the Army of West Virginia in Arlington cemetery, was dedicated Monday by the committee in charge, of which Quartermaster Botsford of Ohio is chairman. The monument, which will consist of two massive blocks of granite, bearing on the exposed faces bronze tablets recording the principal events in General Crook's life, will be completed within the next month. Ex-President Hayes presided and made a brief address. He was followed by Captain Thomas H. McKee and ex-Congressman Ben Butterworth of Ohio. Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Tenney, who was chaplain of General Crook's regiment, the Thirty-eighth Ohio. Mrs. Crook failed to reach Washington in time to be present at the services.

Frick's Donation.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 20.—H. C. Frick of the Carnegie Steel company, Monday sent his personal check for $30,000 to the office of the board of health, the money to be used to perfect a quarantine about the city.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Gathered from Everywhere.

Albert Rougton attempted to rob David Sautbine at Agency, Ia. Sautbine showed fight and the highwayman fled, taking Sautbine's horse. He was captured and is in jail.

At Charleston, W. Va., Joseph Woods found Randall Watson in Mrs. Woods' bedroom. Woods knocked him down and cut his throat from ear to ear.

John Carten and Robert Campbell were shooting at birds near Roodhouse, Ills., when the latter was accidentally shot in the head by Carten and killed.

New York's contingent of Celestials celebrated the 5,000th anniversary of the establishment of Free Masonry in China.

From the annual report of the Wabash railway officials it is learned that the net earnings of the road for the year ending June 30 last were $3,556,804.18.

Time for receiving corn at Mexican ports of entry duty free has been extended until Dec. 1 by the Mexican government.

Nearly Greeley Center, Neb., F. A. Gardiner, a farmhand, shot and killed Richard Holcom at Widow Nason's farm. Holcom went home drunk and drove Gardiner and Mrs. Nason from the house. Gardiner re-entered, was fired on, and killed Holcom in self defense. He gave himself up.

George Phillips was instantly killed by falling slate in the Jupiter mines at Duquoin, Ills.

Frank Dahl, 13 years old, was killed near La Porte, Ind., by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his brother.

General J. G. Field, presidential nominee of the People's party, opened the Popularites' campaign in Mississippe at Grenada.

The visible supply of grain in the United States and Canada is increasing. During the last week stocks of wheat increased 2,466,000 bushels, corn 1,251,000, bushels, and oats 346,000 bushel.

Frank Williams was badly scalded by a boiler explosion at Mullen's sawmill at New Castle, Ind.

* * *

At the reunion of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment at Salem, Washington county, N. Y., it was stated that the last Confederate killed in the war was shot by the One Hundred and Twenty-third, and the last Union soldier killed by a bullet belonged to that regiment.

"Uncle" Wash Couch, who lives near Senola, Ga., has four sons who are said to have been born on the same day of the month in different years.

Rosa Bonheur's already celebrated painting of "Horses Thrashing Corn" still remains unfinished in her studio near Fontainebleau. This picture has been bought by an American amateur for $60,000.

The linen manufactured yearly in England could be wrapped around the earth seven times.

The United States is richer by $2,000,000 in money orders never presented for payment.

The wife and two children of Mr. Harris were drowned in Quests river, Washington.

Emporia, Kan., is suffering from raids by burglars. The latest victims whose houses were robbed are B. F. Flenniken and J. W. Wyle.

Four Newfoundland fishermen were drowned while trying to save their catch of fish.

A family in Marinette, Mich., has run out of names, so their latest arrival has been christened "Thirteenth."

Westminster bridge in London was first brilliantly illuminated by the electric light in 1858.

A Brooklyn man has invented an electrical apparatus for automatically winding a clock.

Edward Hurdle, a negro desperado of Norfolk county, Va., while resisting arrest in a raid on a gambling house, was shot and killed by a deputy sheriff. The coroner's jury exonerated the deputy.

* * *

The government is getting a search light built at Middleton, Conn., to be placed in the statue of liberty in New York, which will be the largest in the world. It will be of 50,000 candle power and will search 100 miles.

Judging from the sentiment of the New York papers it is safe to say that Governor Flower could have forced a landing on Fire island, and yet had the state behind him.

Benjamin Parkhurst has been elected president of the National Association of Postal Clerks.

The beautiful and daring wife of Lieutenant Peary, who braved the rigors and perils of a winter in the Arctic regions, and the civilized woman who has been nearer the north pole than any other of her sex and culture, is said to be only about 23 years old.

Four of the Dalton gang have been captured in New Mexico.

South Dakota Democrats have made a proposition to the Independents to divide the state ticket in half as the only condition of fusion.

The Western Union directors have decided to increase the capital stock $13,000,000, making the capital stock of the company $100,000,000.

Arthur Donnelly, a wealthy contractor of Memphis, walked out of a hotel window in Knoxville, Tenn., in his sleep, and was fatally injured.

John Utterback, while hunting squirrels at Sanborn, Ind., fell from a tree and was killed.

Muer Newburger, a cigar manufacturer of Cincinnati is accused of using counterfeit union labels and will be arrested.

Jacob Sharkley of West Salem, O., has been indicted for wearing a G. A. R. button illegally.

A. C. McComb, a real estate agent, is under arrest at Oshkosh, Wis., on the charge of cutting timber on the government lands in the state of Arkansas.

Puddlers of the Old Dominion Iron and Nail works of Richmond, Va., have struck for higher wages.

Mary Jansen of Quincy, Ills., has sued the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road for $10,000. She was injured a year ago while leaving a train.

Mrs. Irene Partridge of Waco, Tex., has brought suit for $30,000 against the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad company for causing the death of her husband, who was forcibly ejected from a train.

Manley J. Benton, superintendent of the Waverly, Ia., city waterworks, fell from a bell tower forty feet and was instantly killed.

* * *

Jack Horn is a Detroit postal clerk who has saved 133 people from drowning. He was raised on the docks, and took to water like a duck. He wears a gold medal as big as a saucer, that has this inscription: "By act of congress, June 20, 1874—In recognition of his heroic exploits in rescuing men, women and children from drowning in Detroit River."

Senator Hill claims that he has had more rest this summer than for any similar season during the past eleven years.

A mob at Bonita, La., lynched black-James Patton for murdering Eli Lindsey, white.

Peter Whalen, a switchman of the Northeastern railroad, was run over and instantly killed at New Orleans. The deceased recently lived in Chicago.

The grand lodge of the Loyal Order of the Moose in session at Lafayette, Ind., decided to meet at Cincinnati next year. After installation of officers the lodge adjourned.

The first session of the thirty-fourth annual assembly of the western yearly meeting of Friends is in session at Plainfield, Ind.

The locked-out granite cutters of Concord, N. H., have organized a company, leased a track of land, and will begin business immediately.

Mrs. Annie Cherney was arrested at Kewaunee, Wis., and lodged in jail, charged with poisoning her husband.

Colonel John H. Keatly of Sioux City has been elected commandant of the Iowa soldiers' home to succeed Colonel Milo Smith, resigned.

William E. Bailey of Seattle and Miss Fay Alger were married at the residence of the bride's father, General Russell A. Alger, at Detroit.

Returns from all except two Arkansas counties give Fishback (Dem.) for governor nearly 25,000 majority.

Arrangements have been completed for the holding of the second annual reunion of deaf soldiers and sailors during the Grand Army encampment at Washington next week.

Succi has begun a new fast at Naples, with a committee of doctors to watch him and observe the phenomena of circulation, respiration, weight, etc., during the progressive period of his abstinence from food.

* * *

The dress of Mrs. A. Harwitz of Montgomery, Ala., caught fire from a grate and she was burned to death.

Hartleigh, the sculptor, has nearly completed his heroic statue of Ericsson, and those who have visited his studio in New York speak well of it.

Joseph Bloche on being refused lodging at Allegheny, Pa., went to the river and drowned himself.

A bottle has been picked up on the coast of Massachusetts containing the names of C. E., L. A. and L. B. Reed and W. F. Filling. There was also a statement that they were lost at sea Aug. 14.

Norman Gove, a prominent dairyman and cattle raiser, committed suicide at Springfield, O.

Another small dividend is to be declared for the benefit of the creditors of the late Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati.

George D. Smith of New York city, dealer in lace curtains, has assigned with liabilities of $50,000.

The late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe saved Wolseley's life during the Crimean war. He was declared dead and about to carried off, when the prince noticed a twitching of the young man's face and applying restoratives, revived him.

Rev. George F. Pentecost, formerly a Brooklyn clergyman and more recently an evangelist in this country and in India has accepted a call to become pastor of the Marylebone Presbyterian church in London.

There is a Japanese student in the third class of the naval academy—Motohiko Takasaki. He is a bright fellow of 18 years. Although he did not talk English last year when he entered, he understood it very well and executed every command rapidly.

Major Harvey, United States pension agent at Detroit, paid off the 43,000 pensioners of Michigan in six days, thus surpassing all previous records.

Peter Williams, a farmer of Mound Prairie, Wis., was kicked in the stomach by a horse and died from its effects.

General Francis A. Walker has finally decided to accept his appointment as a member of the international silver conference.

The ferry boat South Brooklyn struck a rock and soon afterward sank in her slip at New York. No one was injured.

An official report shows the wheat crop of France amounts to 194,364,431 hectoliters, and that 6,979,911 hectoliters were sown.

It is estimated that 250,000 persons in all have died of the cholera in Europe and Asia this season.

* * *

A large police force is required to keep visitors from despoiling Whittier's grave, so great is the desire to procure mementoes.

Margaret F. Herrick, of the Harvard annex, wins the Sarget prize of $100 offered each year for the best metrical translation of a Horatian ode.

Bernhardt scorns the cholera microbe as an absurd illusion. She has offered to go to any one of the so-called cholera stricken towns and give a benefit in favor of the alleged victims of cholera.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**"

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, [illegible] Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Daniel Frohman's Company.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Masked Ball."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—W. H. Crane in "The American Minister."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Underground."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Pair of Jacks."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

RELEASE THE CAPTIVES.

A monster meeting was held last Sunday in Limerick, at which Mr. John E. Redmond and other prominent speakers demanded the unconditional release of all Irish political prisoners at present located in British dungeons. The resolutions passed to that effect were of a bold and uncompromising character, while the proceedings throughout were marked with a stern resolve and an unshrinkingly patriotic spirit which speak well for the vitality of the national cause. THE CITIZEN is heart and soul with the Limerick men in the dignified and manly stand they are taking on behalf of our imprisoned brethren. Despite craven councils, and the silly-billy "diplomacy" of a certain coterie of weak-kneed Irish Whigs who are shivering in their shoes at the bare idea of Irishmen demanding anything just yet from the Gladstone government, it is not only advisable but absolutely necessary that Ireland should at once insist on the liberation of her captive sons.

These hostages, so to speak, who are held by England must be given up if there is to be a truce between the oppressor and the oppressed. It has been proved beyond all doubt that Mr. John Daly, one of the political prisoners in question, was convicted on evidence that in no other civilized country would be accepted as by any means conclusive; and it is a no less notorious fact that the entire case against that patriotic Irishman and his friend Egan was got up by a detective who has since been shown up to have been a scoundrel of the deepest dye. The juries who sent these two men to penal servitude, and who inflicted the same penalty on Dr. Gallagher and others were, moreover, unquestionably biased by the reign of terror which the dynamite explosions of that period had inaugurated all over England. Even full-blooded Britishers quaked with terror, or boiled over with indignation at these demonstrations of disaffection—so much so, in fact, that they resolved to have summary vengeance on any and every Irishman who fell into their unlovely hands. Jurymen and judge alike lost their heads; and the result was that over a score of men were sentenced to the horrors of a penal cell, most or all of whom would have been acquitted if a calmer atmosphere had prevailed in British courts of justice.

Even if, however, by the wildest stretch of imagination it could be assumed that these men were really guilty of the charges brought against them, no one can gainsay the fact that the motives of their conduct were purely and exclusively political. If they did have recourse to desperate measures, it was in the belief that they were best serving the interests of Ireland by such methods at a time when Gladstone had not been converted to Home Rule, and when all forms of constitutional agitation had been tried in the scales and found wanting. The authorities, that sheltered under the folds of the Union Jack Russian criminals like Hartmann, the would be assassin of the czar and his co-conspirators on the plea that their crimes were political, have the effrontery to deny that the Irish prisoners, for whom amnesty is now claimed, are in any sense of the term political, and openly aver that they must be classified among the cut-throat Smiths, the footpad Jonses, and the wife-beating Robinsons who are atoning for their sins in the depths of British dungeons. Men who have personally known John Daly, Dr. Gallagher, and their comrades are fully aware of the fact that there is no more communion of spirit between them and the low, vile English herd with which they are forced to associate as there is between a gentleman and a boor.

Most of the Liberal, however, recently admitted that those Irish captives belonged to the political category. Now that these Liberals are in power, they should, logically speaking, release the prisoners at once. If Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are sincere in their professions of friendship for Ireland; if they wish to send a genuine message of peace to that country, as a prelude to the establishment of a parliament in College Green; if they wish to convince the public that their policy is not one of hate and vindictiveness but of good will and conciliation, they must unlock the prison doors and let the captives free. The representatives of Ireland should tolerate no delay in the settlement of this very vital question. Delays in this as in other matters are dangerous. A few months' more incarceration might mean the deaths of John Daly and others whose once powerful frames have been undermined by the barbarous treatment to which they have been subjected. Even now the reason of Dr. Gallagher has, we are told, been shattered, and he has been relegated to a lunatic asylum! The members of the Irish party have the power to put an end to the sufferings of these martyrs. They hold the destinies of the Gladstone cabinet in the hollow of their hands, and if they fail in their duty to the captives, they will earn the reprobation and scorn of the Irish race all the world over.

ADVENT OF MINISTER EGAN.

United States Minister Egan will arrive in Washington from Chili about the end of this month. It is the intention of his friends to give him a rousing reception when he reaches New York. Mr. Egan nobly upheld the honor of the flag under the Southern Cross and President Harrison, whose foreign policy has been more satisfactory to the country at large than that of any of his predecessors, stood by him bravely and loyally. A president with a strong spinal column is a blessing to this republic, whose honor was so often tarnished by the weakness of former executives. THE CITIZEN bids Mr. Egan a hearty welcome home.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

Now that the Tories are "out" and the Whigs are "in", the report gains ground that the English are about to evacuate Egypt. The general public somehow or another believe that parliamentary promises are made to be kept; and as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in a former parliament bitterly opposed the idea of any continued occupation of Egypt by England, the conclusion is come to that they must be of the same mind still on that subject. However, any one who has studied or given any attention to the debates taking place in the Westminster legislature, knows that the promises of honorable members seated on the opposition benches are often speedily forgotten by them once they fall into possession of the treasury loaves and fishes. THE CITIZEN therefore attaches no importance whatever to the report that the Britisher is—voluntarily at least—on the point of shaking the dust of the land of the Pyramids from the soles of his shoes.

The Liberal leaders out of office have always been very generously disposed towards all who have grievances to ventilate. Liberty and justice have been their invariable shibboleths on such occasions. In office, however, they are birds of quite a different feather, and care as little about equity or liberty as the Bengalee baboos do about thrift or cleanliness. When they sat in the cold shadow of opposition, they were always ready to scoff at the jingoism of the Tories, but when they scale the government benches, they become the most uncompromising Jingoists themselves! In fact, with the exceptions of Mr. Labouchere and a few other Radical members, it may be said that if you scratch the skin of the average Saxon, you are sure to find the Jingoist—that inflated, purse-proud, vain-glorious, conceited pup who imagines that the British empire has a god-given right to govern any land that it can forcibly take hold of, and is privileged to enjoy all the sweets and fruits thereof with absolute impunity.

Mr. Gladstone knows the British people too well to make the mistake of arousing them into a rebellion against himself if he lowered the British flag in Egypt. He is fully aware of the fact that if he decided on an evacuation of Pharaoh-land tomorrow, he would be swept by popular indignation from Downing street as chaff is swept before the wind. Broad minded Englishmen, cosmopolitans and Democrats by instinct, training and education, like Labouchere and his co-disciples, might remind their fellow-countrymen that England, in occupying Egypt some years ago, made a solemn pledge to the effect that, when order was restored in the latter country and its financial difficulties had been satisfactorily arranged, the Union Jack should float no more over the waters of the Nile, and Egypt would be given back to the Egyptians; that the conditions on which the execution of this pledge rested have now been fulfilled, as the Egyptian exchequer is well provided with hard cash, and tranquility prevails throughout the land, and that, therefore, the British soldiers should be instructed at once to withdraw from a camping ground where they have no longer any right or necessity to stay.

Such an argument is sure to fall utterly flat on a hard headed race like the Anglo-Saxon. Whatever they seize they wish to retain. Their desire for annexation is insatiable—not for the mere glory of the thing so much as for that accumulation of wealth in the shape of tribute which conquered provinces must inevitably pour into British pockets. British commerce must have an ever increasing field for its shady operations. Hunted out of the United States by the McKinley legislation, it has got to enlarge its happy hunting grounds elsewhere in order that John Bull may have fat on his roast beef, and revel in the multiplication of his ill-gotten shekels.

It is, therefore, to be feared that Egypt will not be relieved just now of that fellow's pestiferous presence, unless, indeed, France, backed up by Russia, will give him immediate notice to quit. Unfortunately, however, there is no public man in Paris today who would have the grit or pluck to hand his walking papers to the Britisher. Carnot is a very able man, and a thoroughly patriotic Frenchman, but he could not rise to the level of such an attitude. If Gambetta were alive, he alone would be able to assume a responsibility of that kind.

Should, however, an alliance offensive and defensive be effected between Russia and France, President Carnot, assured of Russian help, might yet find himself in a position to put his foot down, once for all, on British Jingoistic designs on Egypt. France may thus repair the almost disastrous fault she made when in a moment of folly she allowed England a free hand on the banks of the Nile. One thing at least is certain. The Britisher will never give up Egypt save at the point or threat of the bayonet!

THE IRISH EVICTED TENANTS.

Bright though the national prospects may appear, a very sad spectacle, that presents itself to one's gaze in the Ireland of today, is the deplorable condition of those unfortunate tenants who have been driven from their homes for their devotion to the Land League and the Plan of Campaign, and who for years have been virtually living without a roof over their heads. Up to two years or so ago these patient victims of landlordism were provided for out of the generosity of the Irish American purse; but that supply has since then been stopped owing to the dissensions that took place in the councils of the Irish Parliamentary party—dissensions which compelled Irish-Americans to keep a firm grip on their dollars, so long as they knew that they could be no longer distributed impartially among those for whose wants they would have been subscribed. Had a national board been appointed, comprising such men as Archbishop Croke and Justin McCarthy on the one side, and Messrs. Redmond and Harrington on the other, and having for its object the relief of these poor evicted tenants, Irish Americans would with confidence act as generously as they did in former years—ready and willing, as they always are, to help their afflicted brethren at home; but at present, in view of the chasm that still yawns between both divisions of the party, such succor or any prospect thereof is practically out of the question.

As the Redmondites and McCarthyites are alike responsible for the actual condition of these sufferers, there is no earthly reason why both wings should not meet on neutral ground and release at least a portion of the Paris funds for the relief of those former followers of theirs who sacrificed home, and, in some cases, a comfortable competence for the general good. There is nothing in common between the cause of the evicted tenants and the differences existing between the divided sections of the Irish party. Therefore no differences should interfere with the more or less necessary and laudable project of tiding these unfortunate men and their helpless families over the forthcoming winter in the hope that next spring Mr. John Morley, with the assistance of the legislature, may be able to reinstate them in their old farms on terms which the shylock landlords will be compelled to accept. That immediate relief is needed admits of no doubt whatsoever. That the giving of such relief is a solemn duty incumbent alike on both parties in the Irish struggle no one, who regards the situation impartially, will for a moment seek to deny. To remember the wounded companions who stood by their side when the fight was hottest has always been the pride and the glory of true soldiers. To forget them would be a national shame and humiliation.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS IN CHICAGO.

Chicago is promised for next year a visit from one or two European sovereigns—at least so several press dispatches have recently affirmed. If these crowned and titled individuals come to see our colossal Exposition, and to revel in its more than Oriental magnificence, we shall give them as warm a welcome as we would to any uncrowned or untitled visitors who may do us a similar honor. This is a land of freedom for all—the home of equality and of breezy independence. King and subject alike will be treated with perfect cordiality by the people of our enterprising and hospitable city. We recognize no rank, no set, no cast iron barriers between class and class. We shall be prepared to tender a hearty welcome to all.

Most of us, who have never seen a crowned head in our lives, will—naturally enough—have a certain curiosity to feed our gaze on any real live king, emperor or prince who may walk down State street, or take an airing in Jackson Park any day next year. This western continent of ours has had but a very slight acquaintanceship with potentates in purple. Mexico did not squat very long at the footstool of Maximilian's throne. Brazil a short time ago sent poor Dom Pedro, its emperor, about his business, and joined the now almost unbroken array of American Republics. Canada, though legally a portion of the British Empire, is practically independent, and has seen as little of its empress as we have. Royalty has never taken root on American soil, and it looks as if it never shall. Somehow or another the American spine is too sturdily Republican to bend itself before the glow and glitter of any sceptre, or the silly eclat and vanity of thrones. There is too much grit in the American character to be guilty of any such superlative senility.

Yet, when the crowned representatives of Europe gather on the banks of Lake Michigan we will, as has been already said, welcome them as we would other distinguished strangers. They will not come with crowns on their royal pates, or with staffs in their jeweled hands. They will all be dressed probably in frock coats and ordinary pants, and sport the usual silken stovepipes. They will have no retinue of uniformed officers around them, nor will they be attended with any ridiculous pomp, such as that which surrounds in the fossilized continent over the water, where most of them are monarchs of all they survey. We shall give them the temporary rights of citizenship and entertain them as best we can so long as they conduct themselves properly.

A visit to this country will teach them a most salutary lesson: They will learn, for, instance, that there is a broad continent under the sun that can get along splendidly without saddling itself with either a king or emperor. They will find out that absolute liberty does not mean here unmitigated license; and that an orderly people can live and thrive under a Republican flag. It will, moreover, be quite a new and refreshing experience for them to tread on the soil of a land where the mummery of royal worship is as little known as the secret of the North Pole.

CAPTAIN O'MEAGHER CONDON NOT DEAD.

It appears that our gallant friend, Capt. Edward O'Meagher Condon is not dead after all. Some evil disposed person started the report, and it was telegraphed from Washington to the Associated Press. Captain Condon says emphatically that he is *not* dead, and he ought to know. It is given to few men to have the privilege of reading their own obituaries, and we hope Captain Condon will be consoled for the annoyance he has sustained by the knowledge that he was treated justly by the editors who mourned for him prematurely. THE CITIZEN hopes the gallant Captain may live to be a hundred at least.

MR JOHN F. FINERTY will speak under the auspices of the Republican National Committee, at the following places in this State, during the month: Sept. 24, Joliet; Sept. 26, Litchfield; Sept. 28, Streator; Sept. 29, Braidwood; Sept. 30, Amboy. He spoke in Bloomington on the 21st; in Decatur the 23d and in St. Charles on the 23d.

THE first anniversary of Mr. Parnell's death will be celebrated in Dublin on the 9th of October by a monster procession to the grave of that illustrious statesman in Glasnevin.

THE curse of Dean Swift has for years fallen on an historic little villa situated in Youghal, Ireland, where Sir Walter Raleigh dreamed a portion of his life away in solitude and meditation. This old world house, if situated on the banks of the Thames, would have fetched its weight in gold; but in Ireland no one will buy it. It was put up for auction in Cork the other day, and found no bidder! Yet it is in excellent preservation, and some of the trees, under which Sir Walter smoked the first pipe ever used in Europe, a ill shelter its walls close to which lies the garden where the American potato made its *debut* as a crop on the other side of the water. And yet this priceless edifice cannot be got off the auctioneer's hands. It seems as if the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, its former occupant, will be known in history as its last.

THE virtuous denunciation of the American "barbarians" of Fire Island by English newspapers is so much poppycock. What about the wife-beaters and cut-throats of Whitechapel?

A MARBLE tablet in the form of a medallion, the life-size bust of Daniel O'Connell, has been affixed to the wall of an old palace in Genoa, Italy, which was formerly the hotel where the great Irish tribune died. The Genoese have always been in touch with Ireland in her struggle for liberty.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has, during what Londoners call the "silly season," started a discussion on "Wives." The distinguished Miss Florence Nightingale contributes the following interesting *morceau* to the debate: "Irishmen are more sympathetic, more true to their wives than Englishmen; and in my opinion we should hear less of unloved and unlovely marriages if Englishmen showed more sympathy or interest in their partners. Irish women are far more virtuous than their English sisters as a rule, and I believe it is in the main because there is more one pess between them and their husbands. Those little attentions, those little words of love are not lacking in an Irishman which are so dear to every woman's heart." English Philistines are up in high dudgeon against the fair Florence whose stinging allusion to their wives is a direct contradiction to Tennyson's high-falutin' bunkum to the effect that "there are no wives like English wives—so pure and chaste are they!" THE CITIZEN congratulates Miss Nightingale on the breezy freshness and candor of her remarks. She is evidently a very level-headed woman.

FRANK G. CARPENTER, the well known American journalist, who is making a professional tour in Russia, assures us that there is no truth whatsoever in the statements of English correspondents to the effect that the czar is perpetually trembling for his life. In other words Frank says that these scribes are unmitigated liars. Such an assurance is unnecessary. It has been for years patent to everybody here except an Anglomaniac or a crank.

THE country was never more prosperous than at the present time. Our exports reached $1,000,000,000 during the fiscal year ending May 1—the largest amount of exports in our commercial history. This was a gain of $172,449,000 over 1890, and was $265,143,000 in excess of the average annual value of exports in the ten years preceding 1891. And yet the Free Trade Mugwumps would destroy this prosperous condition of affairs in order to promote their crazy theories!

LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN are becoming very popular in Paris. Though the veteran deplomatist is, of course, a representative of the British government, he is socially and otherwise not a bad type of an Irishman. He has taken no part directly or indirectly in the misgovernment of Ireland, and it is whispered that his sympathies are in thorough touch with the Home Rule movement. It is predicted in well-informed circles that should a native parliament be established in Dublin, Dufferin will be given by Gladstone the post of viceroy. Lord Dufferin's mother, it may be added, was a patriotic Irishwoman, who wrote some very racy Irish songs and ballads, among them being the well known "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary."

THE Homestead and other troubles are looked on by several monarchical journals of the Old World as proofs evident of the utter failure of republicanism! The editorial brains that inspire these sheets must be softening. Uncle Sam can afford to laugh at such written gibberish.

ENGLAND'S pirates are still on the high seas. They continue indulging in their pet projects of annexation with all the cool effrontery of bullies who have had to their credit a long career of unpunished blackguardism. They have within the past few years laid hands on a few score of islands in various quarters of the world on the plea that the natives of these patches of land could not possibly thrive without British rum and bibles! Their latest theft is that of the Gilbert Islands—a piece of high-handed jobbery which will not improve the relations of the British government with that of Washington. Those new possessions may become so many thorns in John Bull's side which President Harrison may be compelled to look after some fine morning. The United States authorities will stand no nonsense at the hands of British or any other marauders.

ONE of the characteristic acts of the late Tory government before leaving office was the conferring of a knighthood on Dr. Francis Xavier MacCabe, son of the late W. B. MacCabe, who once acted as press agent for the notorious Sadleir-Keogh gang that sold the cause of Ireland for a mess of pottage. "Unprized are her sons till they learn to betray."

THERE is fear and trembling just now in the foreign department of Downing street, London. While M. Carnot was summering recently in Aix-les-Bains, he had several important interviews with Russian officials—a circumstance which has set the entire lot of British continental correspondents wildly agog. These enterprising gentlemen are of one mind in stating that such interviews bode no good for England. THE CITIZEN coincides with them so far. A Franco-Russian alliance would give the czar a free hand in his designs on British India. It is no wonder that Lord Rosebery, the new minister of foreign affairs in England is somewhat nervous under such circumstances.

THE Irish Publishing Company, for the dissemination of Irish literature, now in course of formation in London and Dublin, have, we are glad to state, met with such success that the original intention of limiting the capital to £3,000 has been abandoned, and in the prospectus which has just been issued £10,000 will be applied for. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who is the moving spirit of this new and patriotic enterprise, believes that the capital would be readily subscribed if there were a united National party.

SIR CHARLES is displaying extraordinary vitality towards the close of his long and chequered career. In the work he is engaged on of reviving the literary glories of Ireland he is as much a "hustler" as if he were a young man of 25. His enthusiasm on behalf of such a laudable project will go far to induce Nationalists to forgo many of his former peccadilloes in the service of his country. He is now the only '48 man still in harness. Kevin Izod O'Doherty is enjoying a dignified repose, far removed from politics, in his home at the antipodes, still as happy as of yore in the society of his post-wife, the "Eva" of the *Nation*. Denny Lane, the Young Ireland minstrel, is industrious only in his capacity of secretary of the Cork Gas Company; while Dr. Ingram has been for over a generation a scholarly fossil and nothing more.

IT is announced that Princess Beatrice, the daughter of the Queen of England, has contributed some songs to the libretto of Tennyson's forthcoming opera. The Wettin family is, it seems, a choice collection of all the artistic talents. Wales is an artist in baccarat. His brother, Edinburgh, plays the violin. His sister, the spouse of Lorne, paints sheep's heads almost as well as Rose Bonheur; while the august widow herself divides her attention between pastels and Scotch ballies in her home amid the Highlands. And now this array of royal talent is reinforced by a ballad singer! Wonders evidently will never come to an end. Hodge ought to be proud of the reigning family's talent, but he has not got wit enough to see it.

CAPT. MCGRATH states emphatically that he is in the race to stay for Clerk of the Superior court, and that all rumors that he may withdraw before election are vile political canards. All who know him can well determine he is not of that make up to weaker. His petition to run as an independent candidate has already been signed by 15,000 legal voters as well as a petition of over 1,800 leading lawyers.

OBITUARY.

MRS P. W. CROWE

Mr. P. W. Crowe and his interesting family experienced a terrible bereavement in the death of a most amiable and exemplary wife and mother. Mrs. P. W. Crowe, whose maiden name was Anne Mannion, passed away to the better land at her residence, No. 356 W. Congress street, on Thursday evening of last week, at the comparatively early age of 48 years. Her malady was diabetes, which developed from an attack of la grippe last Christmas. Originally a strong and remarkably fine looking woman, the dread disease speedily exhausted her system and wore her flesh away until, at the time of her death, she was a mere shadow of her former self. Her sufferings were acute, but she bore all with the heroic tranquility of a truly Catholic woman, who lived all her life in a state of preparation for the inevitable journey into eternity. Her father confessor was the Rev. Father Sullivan of St. Patrick's church, and she fell into the long sleep of death, surrounded by her husband, sons and daughters, leaving behind her an example and a memory which they will never cease to cherish. Mrs. Crowe was born in the town of Ballinacor, barony of Killian, county Galway, Ireland, and was married to Mr. Crowe when he returned from this country to his native home in 1861. Two months after the wedding the young couple came to the United States, and settled first in New York, and afterward in Illinois, at Belleville. They lived for a time in St. Louis also; then in Peoria, and finally here. Nine children, five boys and four girls, blessed the union, and all the children survive her except one daughter, a very attractive young lady, who died a few years ago. There was no happier household in America than that of the Crowe family before death invaded it. The funeral occurred from the family residence to St. Patrick's church and was very largely attended. The religious services were conducted by the Rev. Father Sullivan, who, in his funeral discourse, did full justice to the shining qualities of grace, charity and fortitude which had ever distinguished the lamented lady. The remarks of Father Sullivan greatly affected the family, and, indeed, all who heard them. The pall bearers were the Hon. Christopher Mamer, Collector of Internal Revenue; the Hon. Lawrence Harmon, Maurice M. O'Connor, Patrick Higgins, James Doheny and Joseph Manning, of Peoria, Ill. Among those present at the obsequies were John McQueeney, Lawrence Mannion, James Delaney, George B. Hennessy, Mrs. E. Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty, James Mannion, Edward Delaney, P. Hynes, M. Loughan, James Geraghty, and many other friends and neighbors. A long line of carriages escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest in the family lot.

"History Repeats Itself"

And so does Hood's Sarsaparilla in the remarkable cures it is continually accomplishing. If you will give this medicine a fair trial it will do you good.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet efficiently.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a.m. and 4:15 p.m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p.m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Robert Peel and his ministry resigned on the 29th of June, 1846; Lord John Russell formed a new ministry, and went on without dissolving parliament.

I must take care that I do no injustice to Sir Robert Peel, nor suppress any of his acts which might look like an attempt to stay the famine. It is true, then, that he advised and procured an appropriation of £100 000 by two several acts, to be laid out in giving employment in Ireland; but all this employment was to be given under the order and control of English officials; further, the professions of "Government,"—that they had taken all needful measures to guard against famine—had made people rely upon them for everything, and thus turned the minds of thousands upon thousands from work of their own, which they might have attempted if left to themselves. This sort of government spoon-feeding is highly demoralizing; and for one who derived any relief from it one thousand neglected their own industry in the pursuit of it. In truth, the amount of relief offered by these grants was infinitesimally small, when you consider the magnitude of the calamity, and had no other effect than to unsettle the minds of the peasantry, and make them more careless about holding on to their farms.

It is true, also, that the government did, to a certain small extent, speculate in Indian corn for Irish use, and did send a good many cargoes of it to Ireland, and form depots of it at several points; but as to this also, their mysterious intimations had led all the world to believe they would provide very large quantities; whereas, in fact, the quantity imported by them was inadequate to supply the loss of the grain exported from any one county, and a government ship sailing into any harbor with Indian corn was sure to meet half a dozen sailing out with Irish wheat and cattle. The effect of this, therefore, was only to blind the people to the fact, that England was exacting her tribute as usual, famine or no famine. The effect of both combined was to engender a dependent and pauper spirit, and to free England from all anxiety about "Repeal." A landless, hungry pauper cannot afford to think of the honor of his country, and cares nothing about a national flag.

I may here mention that it was the English government that invented paupers in Ireland, when they imposed on us their Poor Law. Before that time there had been plenty of poor men in Ireland, but no able-bodied paupers." It is one of the very few English institutions in which they have made us full participants.

How powerfully the whole of this system and procedure contributed to accomplish the great end of uprooting the people from the soil, can be readily understood. The exhibition and profession of public "relief" for the destitute stifled compunction in the landlords; and agents, bailiffs, and police swept whole districts with the besom of destruction.

Another act had been done by Sir Robert Peel's ministry, just before retiring, with a view of breaking up the Repeal Association. This was the imprisonment of Mr. Smith O'Brien several weeks in the cellar of the house of commons. It grievously irritated the enemy that O'Connell, O'Brien, and the Repeal members still continued to absent themselves from parliament. The house of commons had tried various methods of persuading or coercing them to London. Mr. Hume had written them a friendly letter, imploring them to come over to their legislative duties, and he would aid them in obtaining justice for Ireland. A "call of the house" was proposed; but they declared beforehand that if there were a call of the house they would not obey it, and the sergeant at-arms must come to Ireland for them; he would find them in Conciliation Hall. They were nominated on English railroad committees, and the proper officer had intimated to them the fact. They replied that they were attending to more important business. Now, when they went over to oppose the Coercion Bill, it was understood that this was to be their sole errand, and they were not to engage themselves in the ordinary details of legislation. But they were not long in London before the opportunity was seized to place their names on railway committees. O'Connel and his son both obeyed the call. O'Brien, of course, refused, and was imprisoned in the cellar for "contempt." London and all England were highly pleased and entertained; *Punch* was brilliant upon the great "Brian Boru" in a cellar; and Mr. O'Brien was usually afterwards termed,—with that fine sarcasm so characteristic of English genius,—the "martyr of the cellar."

Instantly arose dissension in the Repeal Association. To approve and fully sustain O'Brien's action in refusing to serve, would be to censure O'Connell for serving. In that body a sort of unsatisfactory compromise was made, but the "Eighty-Two Club," where the young party was strongest, voted a warm address of full approval to O'Brien (who was a member of the club), and dispatched several members to present it to him in his dungeon. I had the honor to be one of that deputation, and the "cellar" was the only part of the houses of parliament I ever visited.

The divisions in O'Connell's association were soon brought to a crisis when the Whigs came in. O'Connell instantly gave up all agitation of the Repeal question, and took measures to separate himself from those 'juvenile members" who, as Lord John Russell had asserted, were plotting not only to Repeal the Union, but to sever the connection with England ("the golden link of the crown")—and that by physical force. All this famous controversy seems to me now of marvelously small moment; but I find a very concise narrative of it in Mr. O'Brien's words, which will be enough:

"Negotiations were opened between Mr. O'Connell and the Whigs at Chesham place. 'Young Ireland' protested in the strongest terms against an alliance with the Whigs. Mr. O'Connell took offense at the language used by Mr. Meagher and others. When I arrived in Dublin, after the resignation of Sir Robert Peel, I learned that he contemplated a rupture with the writers of the *Nation*. Before I went to the county of Clare, I communicated, through Mr. Ray, a special message to Mr. O'Connell, who was then absent from Dublin, to the effect, that though I was most anxious to preserve a neutral position, I could not silently acquiesce in any attempt to expel the *Nation* or its party from the association. Next came the Dungarvan election and the new 'moral force' resolutions. I felt it my duty to protest against both at the Kilrush dinner. Upon my return to Dublin I found a public letter from Mr. O'Connell, formally denouncing the *Nation;* and no alternative was left me but to declare that, if that letter were acted upon, I could not co operate any longer with the Repeal Association. The celebrated two-day debate then took place. Mr. J. O'Connell opened an attack upon the *Nation* and upon its adherents. Mr. Mitchel and Mr. Meagher defended themselves in language which, it seemed to me, did not transgress the bounds of decorum or of legal safety. Mr. John O'Connell interrupted Mr. Meagher in his speech, and declared that he could not allow him to proceed with the line of argument necessary to sustain the principles which had been arraigned. I protested against this interruption. Mr J. O'Connell then gave us to understand that unless Mr. Meagher desisted, he must leave the hall. I could not acquiesce in this attempt to stifle a fair discussion, and sooner than witness the departure of Mr. J. O'Connell from an association founded by his father, I preferred to leave the assembly."

When O'Brien left the assembly he was accompanied by his friends; and there was an end of the repeal Association, save as a machinery of securing offices for O'Connell's dependents. Even for that purpose it was not efficient, because it had too clearly become impotent and hollow, there was no danger in it, and ministers would not buy a patriot in that market unless at a very low figure.

In the meantime the famine and the fever raged; many landlords regained possession without so much as an ejectment, because the tenants died of hunger; and the county coroners, before the end of this year, were beginning to strike work—they were so often called to sit upon famine slain corpses. The verdict—"Death by Starvation"—became so familiar that the county newspapers sometimes omitted to record it; and travelers were often appalled when they came upon some lonely village by the western coast, with the people all skeletons upon their own hearths. Irish landlords are not all monsters of cruelty. Thousands of them, indeed, kept far away from the scene, collected their rents through agents and bailiffs, and spent them in England or in Paris. But the resident landlords and their families did, in many cases, devote themselves to the task of saving their poor people alive. Many remitted their rents, or half their rents, and ladies kept their servants busy and their kitchens smoking with continual preparation of food for the poor. Local committees soon purchased all the corn in the government depots (at market price, however), and distributed it gratuitously. Clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, I am glad to testify, generally did their duty, except those absentee clergymen, bishops, and wealthy rectors, who usually reside in England, their services being not needed in the places from whence they draw their wealth. But many a poor rector and his curate shared their crust with their suffering neighbors; and priests, after going round all day administering Extreme Unction to whole villages at once, all dieing of mere starvation, often themselves went supperless to bed.

The Western and Southwestern coast, from Derry round to Cork, is surely the most varied and beautiful coast in all the world. Great harbors backed by noble ranges of mountains, open all around the western coast of Munster, till you come to the Shannon's mouth; there is a fine navigable river opening up the most bounteously fertile land in the island—Limerick and Tipperary. North of the Shannon, huge cliff-walls, rising eight hundred feet sheer out of deep water, broken by chasms and pierced by sea-caves, "with high embowed roof," like the choir of a cathedral; then the Bay of Galway, once thronged with Spanish and Irish ships, carrying wine and gold—but now, it appears, dangerous and fatal (*statio mala fide carinis*) to steamships bound for America Westward from Galway, and round the circuit of Connaught, the scene becomes savage and wild, with innumerable rocky islands—deep inlets, narrow and gloomy, like Norwegian *fiords*,—and grim steep mountains hanging over them. But the most desolate region of all is found in Ulster. As you travel northwards from Killybegs, by way of Ardara, Glenties, and Dunglow, you pass for nearly forty miles through the dreariest region of moor and mountain that is to be found within the five ends of Ireland; wide tracts of quaking bog, interspersed with countless dismal lakes, intersected by rocky ridges, and traversed by mountain rivers roaring in tawny foam to the sea. The two or three wretched villages that lie along this road give to a traveler an impression of even more dreariness and desolation than the intervening country; a cluster of ragged-looking, windowless hovels, whose inhabitants seem to have gathered themselves from the wastes, and huddled together to keep some life and heat in them; a few patches of oats and potatoes sur ounding the huts and looking such a miserable provision for human beings against hunger in the midst of those great brown moors; hardly a slated building to be seen, save one or two constabulary and revenue police stations, and a court house in Glenties for dealing out "justice," and close by that a certain new building—the grandest by far that those Rosses people ever saw—rearing its accursed gables and pinnacles of Tudor barbarism, and staring boldly with its detestable mullioned windows, as if to mock those wretches who still cling to liberty and mud cabins—seeming to them, in their perennial half-starvation, like a temple erected to the Fates, or like the fortress of Giant Despair, whereinto he draws them one by one, and devours them there—the poor-house.

This is the estate of a certain Marquis of Conyngham, and for him those desolate people, while health last, and they may still keep body and soul together, outside the poor-house, are for ever employed in making up a subsidy, called rent, which that district sends half-yearly to be consumed in England; or wherever else it may please their noble proprietor to devour their hearts' blood and the marrow of their bones.

So it is, and so it was, even before the famine, with almost the whole of that coast region. The landlords were all absentees. All the grain and cattle the people could raise were never enough to make up the rent; it all went away, of course; it was all consumed in England; but Ireland received in exchange stamped rent receipts. Of course there were no improvements—because they would have only raised the rent; and in ordinary years many thousands of those poor people lived mainly on sea-weed some months of every year. But this was trespass and robbery, for the sea weed belonged to the lord of the manor, who frequently made examples of the depredators.

Can the American mind picture a race of white men reduced to this condition? White men! Yes, of the highest and purest blood and breed of men The very region I have described was once—before British civilization overtook us—the abode of the strongest and the richest clans in Ireland, the Scotic MacCaurae, the French Clan-Gerralt (or Geraldin, or Fitzgerald)—the Norman MacWilliams (or De Burgo, or Burke)—the princely and munificent O'Brien's and O'Donnell's, founders of many monasteries, chiefs of glittering hosts, generous patrons of Ollamh, Bard, and Brehon; sea roving Macnamaras and O'Malleys, whose ships brought from Spain wine and horses,—from England fair haired, white-armed Saxon slaves, "tall, handsome women," as the chroniclers call them, fit to weave wool or embroider mantles in the house of a king. After a struggle of six or seven centuries, after many bloody wars and sweeping confiscation, English "civilization" prevailed,—and had brought the clans to the condition I have related. The ultimate idea of English civilization being that "the sole *nexus* between man and man is cash payment,"—and the "Union" having finally determined the course and current of that payment, out of Ireland into England,—it had come to pass that the chiefs were exchanged for landlords, and the clansmen had sunk into able bodied paupers.

The details of this frightful famine, as it ravaged those western districts, I need not narrate; they are sufficiently known It is enough to say that in this year, 1846, not less than 300,000 perished, either of mere hunger, or of typhus fever caused by hunger. But as it has ever since been a main object of the British government to conceal the amount of the carnage (which, indeed, they ought to do if they can), I find that the Census commissioners, in their report for 1851, admit only 2,041 "registered" deaths by famine alone, in 1846.

A Whig ministry, however, was now in power, and the people were led to expect great efforts on the part of government to stay the progress of ruin. And I am bound to say that O'Connell used all his power to make the people depend upon that expectation. In August it became manifest that the potato crop of '47 was also a total failure, but the products otherwise were most abundant,—much more than sufficient to feed all the people Again, therefore, it became the urgent business of British policy to promise large "Relief," so as to insure that the splendid harvest should be allowed peacefully to be shipped to England as before; and the first important measure of the Whigs was to propose a renewal of the Disarming Act, and a further increase in the police force. Apparently the outcry raised against this had the effect of shaming ministers, for they suddenly dropped the bill for this time But the famine could not be correctly administered without a Coercion bill of some sort, so the next year they devised a machinery of this kind, the most stringent and destructive that had yet been prescribed for Ireland. In the meantime, for "Relief," of the famine,—they brought forward their famous Labor Rate Act

This was, in few words, an additional poor rate, payable by the same persons liable to the other poor rates, the proceeds to be applied to the execution of such public works as the government might choose, the control and superintendence to be entrusted to government officers. Money was to be in the meantime advanced from the treasury, in order to set the people immediately to work, and that advance was to be repaid in ten years by means of the increased rate. There was to be an appearance of local control, inasmuch as barony sessions of landlords and justices were to have power to meet, (under the lord lieutenant's order), and suggest any works they might think needful, provided they were strictly unproductive works, but the control of all was to be in the government alone.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A PEDIGREE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

A grinning fraud and a hideous farce is the kingship of pedigree,
For the best of blood runs down sometimes, and the worst can climb the tree!
So not by his sires ought the son be judged, but be judged by the worth of himself,
By his brawn and brain, by his heart and soul, and not by his crest or pelf!

The wisest and best of men have sprung from the loins of the multitude—
The soldiers and chiefs of mankind—the true, and the bold and the good;
While many a "lordly noble" and many a "knight sublime"
Bore on their brows the hated stains of treason and of crime.

So 'twere better to tear its veil away from the kingship of pedigree—
'Tis a living lie on the page of life, a grinning insanity;
Or if kingships we'll have in this world of ours as stars on its belted ring,
Then give us a man who has made himself, and we shall have him for king!

IRISH NEWS.

The strike pending for some weeks in the shoemaking trade in Drogheda has been amicably settled, by the shoemakers receiving a considerable advance all round, according to class of work.

John Kelly, an evicted tenant who has been confined in Limerick jail for the last eight months on a charge of contempt of court, has been released by Lord Chancellor Walker.

During the recent harvest operations in Ireland men were paid 4s and women 3s per day. Heavy winds and rain lodged the corn so much that the scythe had to be used in many instances.

Arrangements are now in progress in Dublin in connection with the forthcoming anniversary of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. At a recent preliminary meeting at the gymnasium of the National Club there was a large attendance of representatives of the trades, labor, and Nationalist organizations.

On Wednesday week a young woman named Mary Shea was accidentally shot by William Graham, Jr., at Graham's Hotel, Killarney. A gun which young Graham had in his hand was accidentally discharged, the bullet lodging in the left breast of the unfortunate young woman. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but Dr. Dillon, who is in attendance, is unable to extract the bullet from the wound, which is of a serious nature.

The *Munster Express* announces the death, at the early age of 24 years, of Mr. John Breen, teacher of the National School at Dunhill. "Mr. Breen, previous to his appointment to the charge of Dunhill school, had been a teacher at Ballyduff Lower, and subsequently at Fenor, and was universally esteemed by all those with whom his duties brought him in contact during his sojourn in these parishes His remains were intered at Kilkee."

The Rev. Francis Joseph Blake died in Newry on Friday fortnight. He was born in Dublin about the year 1820 The reverend gentleman was ordained in September, 1849, and was sent as curate to the parish of Dromore, where he served for ten years under the Most Rev. Dr. Blake, bishop of the diocese. In 1859 he went to America, and was pastor of Babylon, in Brooklyn, N.Y., for seven years. He suffered from ill health of late years, and was obliged to retire from the ministry. Seven years ago he returned to Newry, being much attached to the town where he commenced his missionary career.

After an interval of more than ten years the revival of the cinder path in Irish athletics took place on Saturday week on the splendidly appointed grounds of the City and Suburban Racecourse, Jones' road, Dublin, when the eighth annual athletic championship meeting, under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association, was carried out. Since the abandonment of the Lansdowne road, says the *Independent*, a proper cinder path has not existed in Ireland for athletic purposes until the enterprise of Mr. Butterly supplied a long felt want by the construction of his extensive race grounds almost within the heart of the city.

At a late meeting of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, held at No 6 Molesworth street, Dublin, the Council had under consideration the recent examinations held by the commissioners of intermediate education in Ireland, from which it appears that notwithstanding the omission of Celtic from the preparatory grade last year 176 boys passed in Irish. The number of pupils who passed in Irish from the Christian Brothers' schools numbered 143 Seeing that the commissioners, in compliance with the Society's memorial, have placed Irish on the preparatory grade for 1893 it is expected that very considerable results will follow its inclusion in this important and numerous grade. A communication was read from Mr. Patrick Garvey, of the Kilroe National School, Headford, county Galway, in which he said: "It is now over three years since I gave you some account of my aid in keeping our national language alive in this locality. At the examination held here in March pupils were examined in each of the three stages, seven of whom were in the highest stage. I was fortunate enough to pass over 80 per cent of them. I now have a class of over fifty boys and girls learning Irish. I have secured 115 passes in this important subject during the last five years."

One of those stirring scenes which brings back to memory episodes of the old Land League days was recently enacted on the farm of Mr. Jerome Murphy, at Fenor. For some time past the relations between Mr. Murphy and his landlord (Count De la Poer) have been somewhat strained. Mr. Murphy's crops were every day in danger of being seized to satisfy the landlord's unjust demands. Monday was fixed by the minions of the law for their swoop; but the plucky men and women of Fenor, Dunhill, and Tramore decreed otherwise, with the result that by Sunday evening Mr. Murphy's immense crop had been cut, bound, and removed to a place of safety. A correspondent writing to the *Munster Express* describes the scene on the lands on Sunday as follows: "I found no less than 500 men and women from the parishes of Dunhill, Fenor, and Tramore, together with twenty-three machines, fifty horses, etc., engaged in cutting, binding, and removing Jerome Murphy's crop from the grasp and greed of Count De la Poer, who, if I am accurately informed, is a modern Shylock. The Tramore contingent was under the supervision of Messrs. P. Kirwan, Garryarus; P. Hayes, Coolnagappogue; Walter Hally, Coolnagappogue; John Quann, P. L. G.; Denis Hannigan, Ballycarnane, &c. The Dunhill contingent was under the supervision of Messrs. Michael McGrath, Ballyleman; Stephen Brennan, Loughdaheen; Michael Power, Ballyvilen; Thomas Power, do; Thomas Foley, Reisk; J. O'Reilly, Dunhill; J. Murphy, Ballyphilip; Richard Cullinan, president Dunhill National League; M. Power, secretary, do, Ballybrunick. The Fenor contingent was under the supervision of John Hannigan of Ballinaclough, who, from the superior way in which he exerted himself was created a "Field Marshal and Commander of the Allied Forces." He was ably assisted by James Flynn, Kilcarton: Thomas Crotty, Ballinaclough; Edmond Flynn, Monameela; Matthew Walsh, do; James Lonergan, Ballyadam; Patrick Fitzgerald, do; Philip Gough, Ballygaron; Maurice Power, Ballydermody; Matthew Phelan, Fenor; Patrick Cheasty, do; John McGrath, do: Roger Walsh, do; John and Nicholas Hally, do; Michael Reilly, do, and last, but not least, John Flynn, of Ballyadam, who catered to the wants of the finest body of men and women that my eyes ever gazed upon. In the short space of five hours twenty three acres of oats were cut, bound and removed from the farm, and all retraced their steps to the residence of Mr. Murphy, where they were hospitably entertained, and without any accident or words of displeasure all left for their respective homes, as did I, sickened to a degree by the action of the landlord—a man of noble pedigree—but delighted with the indomitable pluck displayed by the men and women of these parts—pluck that has very few parallels in the annals of Munster."

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A. O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER, } Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$258 50
Subscriptions received through P. O'Sullivan, South Chicago—	
Frank Doian	10 00
Michael Doyle	5 00
John McCabe	5 00
John Coughlan	3 00
C. G. Dowling	2 00
F. C. Finerty	2 00
P. O'Sullivan	2 00
Eugene O Riordan	1 00
John Tooley	1 00
Daniel Lillis	1 00
M. Shee	1 00
James Doran	1 00
Michael Clark	1 00
William Rankin	1 00
Patrick Kinslaw	1 00
Thomas White	1 00
Patrick Bougle	1 00
F. J Little	1 00
Timothy J. Kirwan, Brooklyn	5 00
Frank Gorman, per *Irish Pennsylvanian*	1 00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by Division No. 17, A. O. H., per Martin Mulcahy	110 00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by Division No. 33, A. O. H., per Thos. Doyle	52 60
Proceeds of an entertainment given by Division No. 19 A. O. H., per John Thomas	80 00
The subscription of the Rev. M. Walsh, of Keithsburg, Ill, by a mistake was announced $1 instead of	10 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BROOKLYN N Y., Sept. 15.—*Father M. O Sullivan, Rev Sir:* After reading an appeal in THE CITIZEN of Chicago, from the A. O. H., in behalf of the widow of Daniel Curley, I am glad I noticed same, and hasten to show my practical sympathy for so noble, patriotic and deserving a charity. Enclosed find check for $5 I remain, Rev. Sir, yours truly,
TIMOTHY J. KIRWAN.
No. 444 Manhattan avenue.

Harvest Excursion

HALF RATES. SEPTEMBER 27.

The BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell round trip tickets at half rates, good 20 days, to the cities and farming regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Eastern ticket agents will sell through tickets on the same plan. See that they read over the Burlington Route, the best line from Chicago, Peoria, Quincy and St. Louis. For further information write to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

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THE FUTURE.

What may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor;
No fame wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds nor stains.

Naked from out that faroff abyss behind us
We entered here.
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet, fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there;
No curse, no care.

THAT TELESCOPE.

The family at Clematis villa were thrown into confusion one morning when the captain read aloud the following letter:

SCATCHERY, Conn., March 12, 188-.

DEAR CAPTAIN BANKS—In fulfillment of my lamented brother's last wishes, I have sent you his telescope in remembrance of many happy hours passed with you while contemplating the glory of the heavens, during your visit to us three years ago. With regards to your amiable wife, I remain, yours very truly. HANNAH CROOKE.

"Bless my soul, I didn't even know old Ben was dead!" said the captain. "And a telescope! I don't know anything about astronomy—I only kept him company in his observatory and let him rave about his hobby. Where the dickens can we put the thing?"

"Sell it," suggested Rob.

"Give it to the academy," said Mrs. Banks.

"No, that wouldn't be fair to the old boy. Ha! There's the pilothouse! The very thing! I'll go and see Shavers about rigging up a stand or something for it." And the captain strode out of the dining room, leaving a clamor of voices behind him.

"It will spoil the smoking room," said Rob.

"We won't be allowed to play up there any more," said Frank and Bess.

"I am glad it is really to be an observatory after all. Now perhaps your father will drop that absurd name," said Mrs. Banks.

"And it will really be nice to look at comets and things with," said Lily.

And so the telescope was accepted in the dining room at least, but Bridget went out and complained to Mike that the "capen was going to put a machine called a tellhiscup in the cupilow, and nobody could hang clothes there on dusty washdays." The captain had been a riverman, and when on retiring from that profession he had built a house near the river bank in answer to his wife's request for a cupola he had erected on the roof a square apartment that so nearly resembled that in which he had spent his early river life that he fondly called it "The Pilothouse." It was not often used; though it was prized by Bridget as a drying room and Rob as a smoking room, it was not popular with Mrs. Banks and Lily—possibly on account of its name. But its hour was come.

The captain was the head and center of his family. Astronomically speaking (and since the telescope is the hero of this story such a description is appropriate) the family at Clematis villa was arranged in a sort of terrestrial or domestic solar system, something in this order:

First, or centrally situated, the captain.

Second, or revolving nearest him, Mrs. Banks.

Third, in the next orbit, Robert Banks.

Fourth, or in the third orbit, Lily Banks and satellites (the schoolmaster, the organist, the postmaster and John Clark).

Fifth, or revolving in one orbit, Frank and Bess.

Sixth, revolving in an orbit, but subject to disturbing influences, Bridget Corrigan.

Seventh, or revolving in an outer orbit, but subject to influence from Bridget, Mike Flynn.

Therefore when the telescope had been set up, and when the captain had fallen victim to its attractions, the rest of the family revolved around him in their proper orbits, with their poles slightly inclined toward the telescope.

The first indications of the power of the telescope was felt when the captain brought from town a work on astronomy. It was not a ponderous tome, such as discourages earlier star gazers by weight of wisdom and malodorous calfskin cover, but a dainty volume in blue binding, over which gilt stars, planets, nebulæ and comets cheerfully frisked, looking like the illustrated catalogue of a fireworks factory. To this book, as well as the baleful influence of the telescope, may be attributed the wreck of the Banks family, who soon were united in worshiping the sublime science, each according to his or her tastes.

The captain, as befitted his position in the domestic universe, devoted himself entirely to the sun, and began to fill a large diary with notes of his observations and with his theories, in many of which he begged leave to differ from his learned confreres—astronomic lights of the literary world. Mrs. Banks was devoted to nebulæ, partly from a natural feminine delight in the mysterious and unknowable, and partly because, as she expressed it, there was something nice and homelike about nebula—they reminded her of jelly jelling and bread rising—something was always going on in them, and one could be pretty sure it would turn out right. The planets now were always going around and around in the same track, like one's sewing machine, and were not so interesting as nebulæ.

Rob, on the contrary, found the planets most interesting. They always came to time; you never caught one off its base when it ought to be there, and it was such a joke to think of the fellows away out there playing ball and tennis with rules of their own, and having no "umpire" or anything to go by. For a change, it got to be more fun watching for the planets to rise than watching the girls come from church.

Lily found nothing so fascinating as the moon, and by a singular coincidence the moon was John Clark's specialty. No one had supposed he had any specialty before this. The organist had frequently expressed his distrust of a young man who cared nothing for music; the schoolmaster found several occasions to remark upon the general worthlessness of young men who sneered at the poets and despised culture; the postmaster, who painted (in Lustra), foretold a mortifying future for a young man who was nothing but muscles and mustache, and all estimable people frowned upon John because he showed no ambition to distinguish himself in business.

But when it came to sitting in the observatory with Lily, for the purpose of carefully investigating the moon, John was present on every occasion. Bessie and Frank, who preferred comets and longed for a regular procession of seven tailed "fliers," were allowed to see stars as often as their good behavior earned them that privilege.

The observatory hours were distributed something after this manner: Every fine day and a few evenings the captain had possession, but shared his evenings with Mrs. Banks, assisting her to comprehend the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Herschel and Laplace, as well as the more modern holdings, and he explained to Frank and Bess that though there were only about 700 comets in running order, and many of them came in a thousand years behind schedule time, there were over 8,000,000 shooting stars flying around every day and night which were worth watching for.

After the captain had retired to his "study," and the children had gone to bed, Rob and Lily, assisted by John Clark and his sister Lou, monopolized the telescope until after midnight. Bridget and Mike were permitted to gaze quite often, and also to hear from the garden path during their evening strolls the readings from "The Heavens Above," in which the Banks family fairly reveled. When Mrs. Banks' well modulated voice was heard reading something like this, "The nubecula then combine, each within its area, characteristics of the galactic and nebular system," Bridget would grasp Mike's arm and say: "Wud ye listen to that, Moike! It takes the misthress to wring out them big words." And Mike, holding her hand protectingly, would reply: "Sure, an its fearful things them neblers is, an it's a mercy they don't fall down! But if they did, Biddy, I'm here to perteck yez." Thus reassured Bridget would speak learnedly of wet and dry moons, and which offered the greatest advantage for washing and gardening.

When not absorbed in writing out notes the captain would favor the family with readings concerning penumbral filaments, faculæ, magnetic storms and disturbances of the photosphere and chromosphere, and he delighted to explain the illustrations, printed in lurid red, of eruptive prominences and other mysterious ailments of the sun. As may be inferred, one copy of "The Heavens Above" was not enough for the family, and Bob bought a copy for Lily and himself, and John bought one for Lou and himself, but when they met in the summer house to read it was found that the print of John's copy suited Lily's eyes best, and Lou confessed that Rob's had something prettier about the binding, so the young men obligingly shared their books with each other's sister instead of their own sisters, as had been intended.

This made study very simple and improving, and after a few months of constant observation any of the young people could have told you (after referring to the book) the exact situation of Mare Serenitatis, Oceanus Procellarum, Plato and Kepler, and even without the book they would have been ready to declare the moon to be the most admirable of heavenly bodies.

The summer was very dry, eminently favorable for astronomic study and observation, but in September a wet spell came, and it was during this painful period that Judge Bixby met Captain Banks in town and exclaimed: "Hello, cap! Where you been all summer?" The captain explained about his astronomical studies, which he modestly claimed might yet be of service to the world.

"Star gazing, eh? Well, that's all very pretty for a rich old fellow like you. By the way, I hear your daughter is engaged to young Clark—smart fellow, but lazy. You'll have to dower your girl."

The captain explained again, this time with a certain heat, that his daughter was not engaged to John Clark, nor would be, and then he came home.

The rain had ceased, and as he came through the garden he heard voices in the summer house.

"I'll see about this," said the captain, and without meaning to be dishonorable, but simply to assist accurate observation, he stepped on the soft grass instead of the gravel walk. Making an eyepiece of some vines against the latticed summer house, he proceeded to find the altitude of his daughter.

The fact that "The Heavens Above" was lying face downward on a damp and sandy floor would at any time have aroused the captain's indignation, but this was overshadowed by the sight of John Clark's arm around Lily's waist and Lily's head resting upon John's shoulder.

The captain stepped to the door and faced them, but as the abashed pair sprang to their feet a rush of long buried river language fairly choked him, and not daring to release this torrent upon his daughter's refined ears, the captain faced about and hurried into his study. But before Lily had replaced a single hairpin Frank came running to the summer house.

"He wants you in his study immediately—you're going to catch it—oh, you've been monkeying with 'The Heavens,' have you? Is it his copy?—that's what's made him so mad," said Frank, picking up the abused volume.

Lily did not wait to explain, neither did John; they both hastened to the house. "I'm with you, darling; he shall take it out of me," said John, with more love than elegance.

The interview in the study was too stormy for observation, but the result was that John was forbidden the house and Lily forbidden to think of a good for nothing who could not earn a thousand a year.

This eruptive prominence on the part of the domestic sun naturally produced unusual disturbances among his satellites. The next day Lily, looking most subdued, asked permission to visit Aunt Clara in Ohio in company with Rob, who also looked subdued, and said a little change might be good for Lil. The captain approved and wrote a letter to sister Clara containing his opinions and advice, which letter Rob promised to deliver, and then the two departed, leaving the captain congratulating himself on paternal discipline and a clear sky.

During the peace of the next two days he made the best observations he had yet accomplished, and had nearly evolved a new theory concerning sun spots when these two letters arrived.

From Lily:

DEAREST FATHER—You don't understand my dear John. Aunt Clara does. Forgive us and we will be so devoted to you all our lives. Ever your lovingest LILY CLARK.

From Rob:

DEAR PETER—It was the telescope. Nobody could have helped it—you have gained a daughter in my darling Lou. Forgive us, and we'll be home soon. There's to be an occultation next month. You would not have us miss it? Your loving son ROBERT.

The captain shut himself in his room after this for a whole day, and though Mrs. Banks tearfully tempted him with corn fritters and peach pie he remained silent and invisible.

"An is it married they are?" said Mike. "Sure I knowed twud come like that. Folks always marry phin there's a tellhiscup in the house. I cud have told ye that long since. Biddy, me darlint, ye can't help yerself, so now let me spake to the praste, and you tell the missus."

Then it was Mrs. Banks' turn to lament. "Biddy, you've been with me ten years, and you said you never would marry, and Mike is the ugliest"——

"Savin your presence, mem, Moike's the smartest boy I iver did see, only I niver knowed it till he talked so fine about the tellhiscup, an the neblars, an the comics—an he has a chance to be partner in a livery stable, an he's spoke for a nate little house beyant—an I'm sorry to lave ye," said Bridget, beginning to whimper. Daughters and sons may elope and mothers can endure the blow, but when the autocrat of the kitchen resigns the household totters to its foundation. Mrs. Banks sat on the stairs and wept.

The captain came suddenly out of his study and sat beside her. "It's no use crying, Bess," he said, putting his arm around her. "I've sworn myself clean out, and then—I found these telegrams on my desk. Blame me for it all."

His wife refused to do anything but kiss him, and then the subdued old fellow had to inform her that owing to his neglect of insurance some houses on which he depended for much of his income were a total loss by fire the night before, and that owing to his neglect of Bixby's advice to investigate the estate of a certain bank in which he had invested the bulk of his savings he had lost nearly every dollar.

This last blow acted as a counterbalance. Mrs. Banks braced up and declared she would enjoy being downright poor, for she would have to do her own cooking now at any rate, since she never could replace Bridget, and besides they never had been very rich, so it was not a great fall.

"It's all my fault, Bess, I've been so absorbed in that telescope for the last seven months that I've been blind to everything else. Perhaps if I had seen that love affair coming on I would not have been so hard on Lily. Shall we write to them?"

"And Rob?" asked the mother.

"Yes, Rob, of course. I don't worry about him; he has my business head—oh, the dickens—I mean the head I had before that confounded telescope came here—and Lou is a good girl. You write to them and tell them I'm a poor old beggar, and the game is all in their hands."

Whatever Mrs. Banks wrote, it brought home speedily four happy young people, who hung over the captain's chair and told him he was a dear pet, and a brick, and the dearest man and sure to be on his feet again in no time.

"My dear father," said John when the women had gone up stairs and he and Rob were placidly smoking on either side of the captain, "I learned of the probable failure of Clark & Co. the day before I proposed to Lily in the summer house, you know, and I wanted to make sure of my dearest love or I should have spoken to you first. But I could not tell you I wanted your daughter to marry me because you were on the verge of bankruptcy, and you know the general impression was that you were very rich, and I was a fortune hunter."

"All stuff! I never was rich. Have we lived like rich people? No; it was nothing but that telescope that did it; people thought I bought it. I never was rich until now." And the captain laid a hand on the shoulder of each of his sons.

So the domestic solar system was once more serene, but all the family at Clematis villa had to work hard and economize closely for many long months before the fallen fortunes were at all restored. The telescope was sold at a good price and the "observatory," except on dusty washdays, is as before the "pilothouse" and the "smoking room" and occasionally the "nursery." The telescope, however, is still watching over the destinies of the Banks family, for it was sold to the academy which Frank and Bess attend, and they may be heard from next.—E. Muller in Pittsburg Bulletin.

SEA BIRDS IN GALES.

PANIC AMONG THE WILD FOWL AT THE APPROACH OF A STORM.

Instinct Seems to Warn Them, and They Soon Seek Places of Refuge—Sometimes, However, They Are Too Far Out at Sea to Get Back in Time.

The heavy storms of the sea trouble not the ships which sail upon its waters, but the many sea birds that live and float upon the stormy Atlantic are greatly disheartened and frightened by the furious anger of old Neptune. Along the rocky coasts of New England or the sandy reefs of the southern states, the flocks of sea fowl denote the approaching storm by wild and unearthly cries, which latter mingle with the roar of the surf and the wash of the rain and spray.

Far out at sea the birds utter wild cries of alarm when the ocean begins to darken and the wind to moan across the expansive waste of waters, and with all the speed possible they fly toward some point of land to escape the danger. The few which are caught in the storm, far from the land, make the wild screaming of the storm more horrible by their piteous cries and excited calls. Washed hither and thither by the relentless storm, they fly around in hopeless search for some harbor of retreat. Should the light of some passing vessel or the flash light of some warning lighthouse attract their attention they are lured on to a danger far greater than that experienced from the waves and winds.

Storms do not always warn the birds in time to permit them to reach the shore. The terns, petrels, gulls, ducks and other sea fowl may be far from shore, skimming over the sea in graceful sweeps when a coast storm suddenly comes out of the northwest. At the first sign of such a change in the weather, the birds invariably seek some harbor of safety, but if the storm shuts them out from the coast they are forced to fly around in flocks until accident leads them to a safe retreat. Sea fowl at such times flock together, and a lost company may number thousands of birds, representing a heterogeneous collection of all the species of sea birds.

Such motley collections frequently dash against the lighthouse of some exposed point, where hundreds of their number are killed by the collision. Ocean steamers serve as an allurement for them, and they follow the light of the vessels as a moth does a candle light. If not attracted by any light, the birds fly around until exhausted by their exertions, or until the storm abates. During prolonged storms thousands of lost sea fowl are destroyed upon the ocean through their inability to reach land or to outride the furious gales. While a large proportion of the flock would eventually succumb to the fury of the wind and waves, there are many others that would show their marvelous powers in outriding the storm.

To fly against a gale that is blowing at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour would require bones of iron and muscles of steel, and the lost birds very rarely succeed in holding their own in such a storm. They buffet with the gale bravely, circling around and around to make headway against it, but in time they are swept far out to sea. The waves offer no resting place for them and they are forced to trust entirely to their wings for safety. After heavy storms of several days the terns and petrels have been found a thousand miles from the shore, weak and almost dead from their exertions.

Others have been discovered floating on the water dead, the black and blue patches on their bodies telling the terrible story of strain and hopeless exertion. They fought bravely against the adverse elements and only succumbed after a long battle. Incoming vessels have brought solitary sea fowl that would light upon the masts of the ships when completely exhausted after fighting against the storms. This welcome place of rest is secured despite all presence of danger from the passengers.

Floating spars and wrecks have been the means of saving the lives of such lost birds. They would float on them for hours or days until they became thoroughly rested from their labors, and then they would begin their long journey toward some shore at the first favorable opportunity. Their instinct at such times is unerring, and they generally make for the nearest point of land, although it may be hundreds of miles away and they are completely turned around. It may be, however, that they take their bearings from the sun while they are floating upon their temporary restless buoys.

Nearly all of the sea birds like to keep out to sea, and in the north of Ireland there is an old rhyme current which indicates that the gulls only approach the shore when driven in by a storm or by the warnings of a heavy gale. The couplet reads:

Sea gull, sea gull, sit on the sand,
It's never fine weather when you come to land.

When the storm approaches the long, sharp whistling of the curlews, the wild cries of the sea gulls and the sharp, piercing screams of the terns announce that danger is at hand. The sea grows restless and choppy. An occasional puff of wind will moan across the water and force whitecaps into motion. The birds then assemble along the shore—some seeking for their food among the rocks half a mile out, while others will run along the beach or go to the inland marshes.

As the fury of the storm increases all of them will get in beyond the reach of the wild waves. The heavy wind makes flying a difficult art, and most of them trust to their legs. They run along the sand or hide in the rocks. The terns and gulls will occasionally venture out over the waves to fish for food, but they soon find that the work is unprofitable.

When the storm has subsided the coasts are great objects of interest to the sportsmen. Every species of sea fowl is to be found somewhere along all the beaches or inland marshes. They do not return to the wide sea for a day or two after the storm has abated, and then they are generally driven there by the hunter's gun.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wearing Life.

The lord of the manor slept, although the baby had the colic and was in nowise disposed to suffer in silence.

"Wah—oop—oo—oo—wah!" wailed the infant.

Distracted at the child's distress the mother rushed wildly to the cradle.

"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by," cooed she.

"Gr-r-r-siss—poo," snored the lord of the manor.

The woman made ten quick laps around the room, danced the suffering babe vigorously and performed a great variety of exhaustive antics popularly supposed to make young children forget their troubles.

"Woop!" yelled the little one.

"Hush-a-by baby on the tree"——

"Gr-r-r-oo—siss—poo."

The lord of the manor slept.

One by one the sands of time flowed through the hourglass. Minutes grew into hours. Just as the rising sun was coloring the eastern horizon with a delicate glow the baby fell asleep. With a smile of tender radiance the mother placed her darling in the cradle, and imprinting a soft kiss upon its brow turned to her own couch.

The lord of the manor stirred and opened his eyes.

"Can I help you, Maria?" he feebly asked, with a yawn.

The wife and mother sighed.

"No, John," she wearily rejoined.

They slept.

"I shouldn't be surprised"——

It was the lord of the manor talking to a friend next day.

——"if I looked mighty haggard. This being up nights"——

He gaped prodigiously.

——"with the baby is mighty wearing on a man."

The lord of the manor looked decidedly dissatisfied with life.—Detroit Tribune.

Wagner's Distaste for Music.

Wagner's stepfather, Ludwig Geyer, who died when the boy was seven years old, was very fond of him, and on the evening before his death, we are told, asked the little fellow to play on the piano two operatic airs which he had been taught. Richard played them not so very badly, and the sick man said in a feeble voice to his wife, "Do you think he might have a taste for music?"

The next morning the mother talked to the children about their dead father's affection, and said to Richard, "He would have liked to make something of you." The boy never forgot the words.

At that time, however, no one would have dreamed of making him a professional musician. When he was nine years old his mother devoted him to a classical education. He is described as a headstrong, "fantastic" child, who would fly into a passion at nothing, but who nevertheless gave himself up to an enthusiastic study of Greek, and soon became his master's favorite pupil.

He took lessons upon the piano, but had little taste for the instrument, and found the technic of it a bore. His teacher after awhile dismissed him as incorrigible.

For all that, the boy even then had dreams of being a composer, and a few years later, at his own request, he was put under an instructor in harmony.

The poor man had a hard time with his eager, but headstrong pupil, and before long he, too, was constrained to give him up in despair, saying, like the professor of the piano, "Nothing can ever be made of the boy."

And yet the boy was to become, if present judgments are to be trusted, one of the few great musicians of the world. —Youth's Companion.

Star Dust.

The brightness of shooting stars is due to the heat engendered by the energy of their motion. Their speed is enormous—namely, forty-two and a half kilometers a second, while the speed of the earth on its orbit is only twenty-five kilometers forward. Consequently when a shower of them approaches the earth in the direction opposite to its course the initial speed is seventy-two kilometers a second; when they follow on its course they gain sixteen and a half kilometers a second on it, their mean rate of approach being thirty to forty kilometers a second.

The friction engenders a temperature of 3,000 degs. Celsius, subject to which they burst into flame. If under these conditions their substance is not vaporized they pass through and beyond the upper strata of our atmosphere and pursue their proper course around the sun, but as a rule they are vaporized, in which case the vapor mingles with the atmosphere, to fall later as meteoric dust. In this manner we come in contact annually with 146 milliards of shooting stars, which add considerably to the earth's substance.—Public Opinion.

The Vegetable Fly.

One of the most curious natural productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, an insect about the size and color of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance upon the surface of the ground.

By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full growth; these ripen and drop off in August. Instead of containing seeds, as one would naturally suppose, these pods have from three to six small hard worms upon the interior.—Rural Collaboration.

When Potatoes Were New.

Potatoes were novelties to a tenant's wife who was entertained at Steventon parsonage certainly less than a hundred years ago, and when Mrs. Austen advised her to plant them in her own garden she replied, "No, no; they are very well for the gentry, but they must be terribly costly to rear."—Exchange.

THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.

A Negro Who Understood It Only After He Had Been Up in a Balloon.

About two years ago I was billed for a balloon ascension in a Louisiana town. I was to go up and at a height of 2,500 feet I was to make the leap with my parachute, so as such an event attracted no little attention in the town I thought I would see if any person had nerve enough to go along and ride my balloon down. It is not necessary for a person to do this with a hot air bag (which mine was), for the moment you leave it it topples over, and of course the hot air rushes out of the neck and down comes the bag to the earth. If a man rides it down no unpleasant thing can happen, if he is cool headed and sticks where he belongs. Of course the balloon is apt to go down into a river or lake or hang up in a tree, but the rider can always get to earth safely. I never have had an accident, and I have been in this line some ten years.

Well, after considerable bluffing I got a big negro to agree to go along and ride the balloon down. I got him to do it by telling him he was afraid; that he had no pluck, and in order to be a big Ike with his color, he swore that he'd go along. He didn't realize the gravity of the situation at all.

The afternoon we were to go up was a pretty one, and thousands came to see the ascension. My companion was there all right enough, and when it was known that he had agreed to go along, the people jeered him, and said that he hadn't nerve enough. This made him furious, and he swore that he'd go and show them that he had more pluck than any white man there.

So when the time came I saw that my parachute hung all right, that my up line had been taken off so the negro wouldn't grab it and yank the balloon wide open and dash himself to pieces, and then we sat on the bar (I use a trapeze instead of a basket because of the weight), and I gave the signal to turn us loose. Up we went with a jerk, and as the earth dropped away my negro's eyes bulged out, and he spat out about a quart of tobacco juice. Now that mouthful of juice spread out like a soup plate, and it sailed down to the ground like a big brown bird.

Mr. Negro watched it and said: "Professor, does you reckon dat I'd fill up wid wind like dat if I'd drap offen dis yer bar? Hit ud be a mity bad day fer dis pore nigger if he'd hit de ground like er chunk er light wood." I told him that he'd be all right, and as we were now up about 3,000 feet I climbed down to my parachute and told him to get ready. Then that fellow looked scared, and as I hung down by my knees to kill the shock of the drop when I cut loose he yelled: "Doan' leave me up here alone, white man! Fo' de lub er Gawd, don't go an leave dis pore nigger all to hisself!" But I jerked my line and was 500 feet below him before you could bat your eye. The old parachute opened with a jerk, and then sailed down to the earth like a huge bird. There had been no breeze at all, and I came down within half a mile from where I started.

The crowd had rushed to help me if I should need help, and we soon secured and rolled up the parachute. Then we watched the balloon. Down it came—the negro scared nearly to death. The crowd yelled and cheered, and braced him up considerably. He struck the ground all in a heap and started to run, but some one tripped him up and he tumbled down. Before he could get up the negroes had him on their shoulders, and he was a lion, I can tell you. We passed the hat around and got thirty dollars for him.

Well, sir, that negro actually thought himself superior to every person in the parish after that—spoiled him, did that trip.

I was back there about six months later to give another ascension, and I thought I'd get that fellow to go up, with me again. So I hunted him up, and told him what I wanted. He looked like he'd drop and said:

"Mr. Balloon Man, does ye expect I'se an ijeot? I jest hainter gwinter to do dat fool trick no mo'."

And with that he broke out for the woods, and we couldn't find him until after I had made the jump. Then he came back into town grinning, and said: "I'ze no fule, mister; you heah me?"—Galveston News.

An Oversensitive Maid.

"About as bad as a callous maid," said a housekeeper, "is an oversensitive one. I am sorely tried at times with my girl, who is cook and housemaid in one, and who is too capable to lose. But she bursts into tears if I even suggest a reproof or criticism. A request to salt the soup more makes her eyes red, and an intimation that the potatoes are underdone converts her into a Niobe. I've reasoned with her on this state of things only to provoke a fresh deluge, and now I've given it up. I approach her with the greatest cheerfulness and gayety, only occasionally permitting myself the small sarcasm in beginning, 'Don't cry, Mary, but your bread is not quite so good as usual this baking.' She does cry invariably, but at least she knows I am prepared for it."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

No Rest for the Villain.

A comedy scene followed the third act of a tragedy scene at a theater in an English provincial town. The villain had met his death and the curtain was lowered, but hung there suspended three feet above the stage. All efforts to lower it proved unavailing until the corpse arose from the stage and said, in sepulchral tones, as he dragged down the curtain, "No rest, even in the g-r-r-r-ave!"—Yankee Blade.

Dinner Among the Romans.

The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 in the morning, a luncheon at 12 or 1, and at about 3 o'clock the cœna or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently we read of some not dining until sunset.—Chambers' Journal.

Consideration for the Help.

The thoughtful housekeeper will not forget the consideration due to her servant during such extreme weather as has been undergone lately. Even with every care the kitchen is an almost intolerable place with the average temperature of the day among the nineties. Any woman who does not realize this has only to walk from her cool, darkened sitting room to the cook's domain to be glad to hurry away.

The meals should be planned to demand as little heat as possible, and an arrangement ought to be made to give the cook an hour or two out of the kitchen in some cool spot during the day. In a morning call a day or two ago the hostess excused herself a moment to call over the basement balustrade, "Is the door closed into the basement hall, Ellen, from the kitchen?"

"No, ma'am," came up stairs.

"Close it at once, please; the heat from the kitchen comes up through the house," and it was further explained to the visitor on the return to the parlor that Ellen was ironing, and with the discretion usual to her kind "persisted in keeping the kitchen door open."

That the girl over the ironing table needed the circulation of air possible only by the opening of the door in question and the lower area door did not occur to the mistress. Yet she was a kind hearted woman, for she told her caller a few moments later that she had some shopping to do, but it was "really too warm to take out the horse."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Corporal Punishment.

Some grown persons would seem to think that there is no true place for chastisement in a system of education. Such at all events is our impression of those, and there are many parents among them, who regard an ordinary beating given in school as almost an indictable form of assault. People of this kind have evidently forgotten the singularities of their own wayward youth, or perhaps their lives knew only a genial and untroubled springtime of good conduct. In neither case can their judgment be relied upon to form a rule of discipline for the guidance of school teachers. The bad boy will continue to deserve and to repay with better behavior his needful thrashings, and even the good boy will sometimes err and will profit by corporal reproofs.

The truth about physical punishment, we may take it, is that it is indispensable—an evil perhaps, but a necessary one. It must be borne, but in order to attain success with the least possible amount of injurious friction it must also be regulated. There must be no impulsive pulling about, no random strokes with the hand or the ruler, no ear boxing with its probable sequel—the ruptured tympanum. The head should never be struck, not even slapped. We may say the same of the body but for one most tender but safely padded prominence which appears to mark the naturally appointed seat of childish affliction.—London Lancet.

Money in Rabbits.

"I am deeply interested in the extermination of rabbits in Australia and New Zealand," said Charles W. Kent, of London.

"You would like some statistics? To commence with, on careful calculation it is now settled that two rabbits in ten years will multiply to 70,000,000. That is a moderate figure. Rabbits have particular advantages for thriving in Australia, and have used those advantages for forty years since they were introduced. In New South Wales the government expended over $4,000,000 from 1883 to 1890 endeavoring to exterminate them. Besides that, a greater sum has been expended in private moneys. In one year 25,280,000 skins had royalty paid upon them.

"Now, there is another side to this question of extermination, and that is the rabbit killer's and the rabbit skin dealer's interests. A killer gets two cents a head royalty from the government for destroying the animal's life. He then sells the skin at from four to six cents. On the meat at the canning factories he averages from two to four cents. It is a nice, easy way of making money. The skins are bale pressed and exported to London. In that city there is a general auction sale of skins every six weeks. The sales average from 1,500 to 2,000 bales, and the average to a bale is 200 skins."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sausages Without Bread Crumbs.

The sausages made in Sardinia from pork or veal, and seasoned with spices and a little rum, have no bread in their composition; nor indeed do the Italians any more than the Germans seem to look with eyes of approbation on bread crumbs as an accompaniment to sausage meat. To put too much bread into any sausage and to sell it at the price that would be charged for an equal quantity of butcher's meat, partakes considerably of the nature of fraud; but such fraud might be obviated.

The even greater peril of eating tainted meat might be averted if housekeepers would only encourage their cooks to make larger use of the sausage mincing machine, which insures perfect cleanliness, while it disperses the seasoning equally, minces to any degree of fineness and at the same time fills the skins with sausage meat.—London Telegraph.

Weren't Selling the Books by the Dozen.

In the windows of a Broadway book store was recently exhibited a set of Shakespeare, in eight 16mo. volumes. The books are masterpieces of the printers' and binders' art. They are bound in half morocco, with the covers beautifully tooled. The volumes caught the eye of a good old woman, who had no doubt been seeking bargains in dry goods stores. She popped into the place, and pointing at the works said to a salesman, "How much air them Shakespeares a dozen?"

"Ninety dollars for the set of eight," blandly answered the man.

"Ninety"—and she turned and fled, forgetting her usual "Well, I think I'll call again."—New York Tribune.

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Legends of the Wandering Jew.

The old Jewish story is that Cartaphilos, the bookkeeper of the Judgment hall under the employ of Pontius Pilate, struck our Lord as he was led from the hall, saying: "Go faster! Get on!" Jesus turned to him and said, "I go, but you tarry until I come again." Cursed though he was he afterward became a Christian and was baptized. In tradition he still lives, falling into a protracted trance every thirty years.

Another legend tells us that Jesus, almost overcome by the weight of the cross as he was carrying it to the place of execution, stopped before the shop of a cobbler, and rested his hand against the wall of the building. This enraged the cobbler, whose name was Ahasuerus, to such an extent that he threw a last at the Man of Sorrows, crying to him: "Get off! Away with you!" Jesus rebuked him, saying, "I go and go quickly; but command thee to wander over the earth until the judgment day." This last legend is the one given by Paul von Eitzen, bishop of Schleswig, in the year 1547.

A third legend says that Ahasuerus had been detailed to bring Jesus into the judgment hall of Pilate, and that he was rushing our Lord along at a swift gait when Jesus complained of weariness and requested to sit down on a stone by the wayside. This request was refused by the heartless wretch, who exclaimed: "Move on, Jesus, move on! Thou shalt not rest." Jesus replied, "I go my way unto everlasting rest, but thou shalt go away and never rest until I return to earth again."—St. Louis Republic.

Lowell, Whitman, Parsons, Curtis, and Whittier have all died within a year. Never before probably have so many great men of letters passed away in so short a time.

In his proclamation issued in harmony with that of the president, declaring Friday, Oct. 21, a national holiday, Governor Russell of Massachusetts suggests that on a given hour that day all the school children of the state should sing the great anthem "America."

The property and franchises of the Lansing (Mich.) Electric Railway company have been sold to the Continental Trust company of New York for $35,000.

Sheriff John Olive of Williamson county, Tex., was shot and instantly killed while waiting for a train at a small station. The assassin got away.

Henry de Rothschild, a 19 year-old scion of the famous family, and who is set down as heir to more than $50,000,000, is at Saratoga.

Mrs. Anna Jack of Farmington, Ills., was taken with a severe coughing spell some time ago, and a lump was ejected which is reported to have been a mass of common pins.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 16th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 185 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 S[illegible] st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 244½ Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 183 23d st; W G Brennan, R S, 183 23d st; James Drury, F S, 25 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Cleary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3033 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 262 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2261 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

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St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill.—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

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St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5584 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowen, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

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St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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One of the paragons had a cruel stepmother who was very fond of fish. Never repining at her cruel treatment of him, he lay down on the frozen surface of a lake. The warmth of his body melted a hole in the ice, at which two carp came up to breathe; these he caught and took home to his stepmother.

Another paragon, a boy with a most sensitive skin, insisted on sleeping without any covering at night, so that the mosquitoes should fasten on him, while his parents slumbered undisturbed.

Another, who was of the female sex, clung to the jaws of a tiger which was about to devour her father until the latter had escaped.

The drollest of all these stories is that of Rorashi. This paragon, though seventy years old, used to dress in baby's clothes and crawl about on the floor. His object was to delude his parents, who were really over ninety years of age, into the idea that they could not be so very old after all, as they had such an exceedingly infantile son!

The Japanese consider that one of the gravest dangers to the future welfare of their country arises from the importation of our less patriarchal western ideas. —Youth's Companion.

The Old Constitution.

The Constitution originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers in 1803 she was Commodore Preble's flagship in the Mediterranean and played a conspicuous part during the whole war. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill fated Intrepid, was one of the officers of the Constitution. In the course of the war with England in 1812 the English papers laughed at the Constitution and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when under Captain Hull she captured the English frigate, the Guerriere, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the stanchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory the Constitution, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the Java, to strike its colors.—Harper's Young People.

Odd Wedding Rings.

Speaking of wedding rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal, gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used, and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony; but as the duke had neither license nor ring, the clergyman refused to act.

Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed curtain at 12:30 at night at Mayfair chapel. Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even; in one instance a leather ring had on the spur of the moment to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of John Gahan, deceased. James Wallace, Administrator of the estate of John Gahan, deceased, vs. Winifred Gahan, Michael Gahan, Thomas Gahan and John Gahan, and Peter Gahan, James Gahan, William Gahan, Mary Gahan and Margaret Gahan, minors

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause on the Eighth (8th) day of September, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Tuesday, the Eleventh (11th) day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of John Gahan, deceased, at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighteen (18) and Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) in the Subdivision by the Provident Homestead Association of the North half (N. ½) of the Northwest quarter (N.W. ¼) of the Southwest quarter (S.W. ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-Eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois; said Lot Eighteen (18) is improved by a frame dwelling house; said Lot Nineteen (19) is vacant. All of said real estate will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights of widow of deceased. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to, and approved by, said Probate Court

Dated Chicago, Sept. 10, 1892.

JAMES WALLACE,
Administrator of the Estate of John Gahan, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

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